

NUMBER  
10

**Illustrated Tales of Fantastic Terror!!**

# EERIE

PDC

JULY  
NO. 10

A WARREN MAGAZINE 40c



**Horror  
fights beside  
THE WARRIOR OF DEATH!**

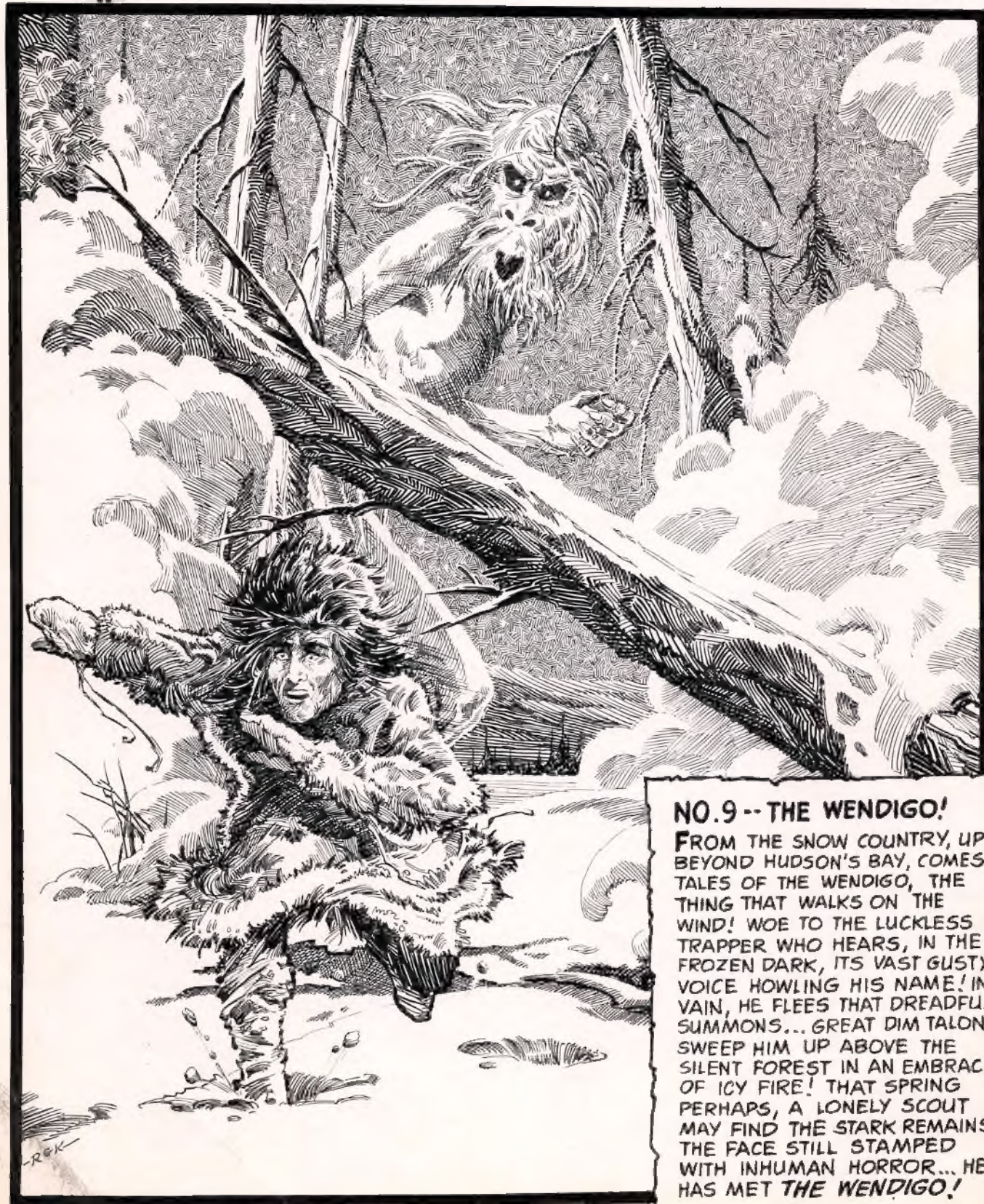
RAY HERRICK





THE LATEST EERIE EXHIBIT OF PULSEPOUNDING POP ART AS DEMONIACALLY DISPLAYED IN

# EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!



## NO. 9 -- THE WENDIGO!

FROM THE SNOW COUNTRY, UP BEYOND HUDSON'S BAY, COMES TALES OF THE WENDIGO, THE THING THAT WALKS ON THE WIND! WOE TO THE LUCKLESS TRAPPER WHO HEARS, IN THE FROZEN DARK, ITS VAST GUSTY VOICE HOWLING HIS NAME! IN VAIN, HE FLEES THAT DREADFUL SUMMONS... GREAT DIM TALONS SWEEP HIM UP ABOVE THE SILENT FOREST IN AN EMBRACE OF ICY FIRE! THAT SPRING PERHAPS, A LONELY SCOUT MAY FIND THE STARK REMAINS, THE FACE STILL STAMPED WITH INHUMAN HORROR... HE HAS MET THE WENDIGO!



# EERIE

NO. 10

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# DEAR COUSIN EERIE



A few weeks ago I purchased EERIE #8. All I can say about it, is that it was tremendous. I think the best story was DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY, the art was supreme and so was the plot. The worst story was TYPE CAST, I had to read the ending twice before I fully understood it. The other stories I liked were DARK RIDER, OVERSIGHT, and DEMON SWORD. You have a very good magazine and I always enjoy reading it. Keep up the good work.

Jim Oslislo  
Rahway, New Jersey

Don't feel bad, Jim. Sometimes Gory Goodwin WRITES the stories twice before HE understands them—CE

I used to be a MAD mag man until I picked up EERIE #8. I was waiting for my sister to get out of the dentist's chair (she was having her fangs filled) when I said to myself, "I'm going to the store and buy a mag." I got in and asked for the latest Mad, but they said they were not in yet. So, I looked around, and all of a sudden my baby blues latched onto EERIE. So, I grabbed it! You've got a BOSS mag here. OVERSIGHT was groovy, THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY was cool, COVERED BRIDGE and WOLFBAIT were keen, and DEMON SWORD was neat. If you ask me, Eugene Colan, Dan Adkins, Bob Jenney, Rocco Mastroserio, and Steve Ditko should all get awards.

Ernie Matthews  
Osseo, Minnesota

The trouble is, Ernie, once we start giving our DRAWING

DEMONS Awards, they'll begin plaguing me for REWARDS! —CE

Being a recent convert to EERIE, I was delighted to see #8. It was, as in the CREEPY tradition, fantabulous! The first story OVERSIGHT showed some nice touches to an old story idea. Gene Colan's artwork wasn't as great as on Daredevil or Iron Man, but it was still awfully good. DARK RIDER was very well drawn, but it seemed like an over-used plot. We can't have everything. I hate to say it, but TYPE CAST was terrible. However, all twinges of regret were obliterated with DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY. Although Adkin's work sure looks like Wood's (which is great!). THE COVERED BRIDGE was not very sharp and original, but it still provided a bit of

relief from 'ordinary' life. I really liked WOLFBAIT. Wow, Great! I think that RM's work looks like a combination of Ditko's and Wood's. But next came the finale of the issue: Ditko's DEMON SWORD! Steve is my second most favorite artist (Al Williamson is my favorite). He did a tremendous job on the demon, just as he did on Spiderman. Have Gil Kane, Al Williamson, and Will Eisner, along with Murphy Anderson do some stories. Have Stan Lee do a guest story! That would be great! Have Al Williamson do a cover, too. And last but not least, have your book done in color.

Alan Renfrow  
Louisville, Kentucky

They're good suggestions, Alan, but what'll we do for an encore?—CE

After having walked into the corner drug store and casually strolling to the mag counter, I caught a glimpse of what might be a new EERIE. Lunging madly for it before some other fiend might, I snatched it up from the rack and raced to the counter, throwing nickles and dimes at the cashier, while I gaped at the fantabulously frightening cover (Man, that was really something). In a flash of blinding blue thunder bolts I was home and proceeded toward my favorite reading spot down in our cellar, the only place gloomy enough to read your terrible mag.

Before I comment on the horrible holocaust of horror stories, I have one question. Does Steve Ditko, whose style just throws me into those occult type stories, also do artwork in the great Spiderman and Dr. Strange comics? OVERSIGHT was one of the

weirdest, really good. DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY was almost too unreal. It was CREEPY (sorry about that). DEMON SWORD really slashed my emotions. Quite the sharp story! After reading TYPE CAST, I was tempted to go out and dig up a stiff just for old times sake. I must compliment you on your great mag, but couldn't you use a different type ink? My pet rats tell me it gives them indigestion.

Art Goulet  
South Bend, Indiana

That's strange . . . It never bothered me—CE

Had to drop you a line about your latest achievement, EERIE #9. I'm a new reader, just started this January with #8, but I'm a firm believer in your mags and will always, but always, buy them. I was surprised to see Dan Adkins do the cover. I thought only Frazetta and Morrow did your covers. Well, I liked it still, but I was disappointed that Steve Ditko, my favorite artist, did not do the feature story. No matter, I liked Dan Adkin's art even better in the story. About Steve's story, I found it rather hard to read. He used too much shading and not enough dark lines. But I really liked the end of that story. Werewolf stories really grab me. Rocco Mastroserio's art was good, too, but it didn't seem to be as good as it was in issue #8. Maybe that looked good because it was about a werewolf. Who knows? I dig the art you get from Neal Adams and I hope I see more of it. I'm currently saving up for back issues of CREEPY, but it'll be YOUR turn once I'm thru doing that.

Carl Gafford  
New Milford, Connecticut

Frank and Gray will continue to do the bulk of our covers, but in the future we'd like to try some of our other terrifying talents every now and then. You all deserve a surprise once in a while—CE

EERIE #9 was fabulous. The cover was excellent, especially the coloring. How does Adkins do it? Inside, six out of the seven stories were so equal in quality that it was hard to pick favorites. The seventh story, AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE, was a complete dud. Story, confusing; art, uninspired. Enough of that. The top story of the issue was FAIR EXCHANGE because of the excellent balance in story and art. RUB THE LAMP had the best story, and THE WAN-

DERER contained the best art. EXPERIMENT IN FEAR and TERROR IN THE TOMB were well balanced in script and art. Enjoyed the tricky ending to ISLE OF THE BEAST. I'm starting to get used to Steve Ditko's art, and I thought he did a good job on this story. Let's have more writing by Alan Jandro and more art by Dan Adkins.

Steve Frederick  
Battle Creek, Michigan

Demon Dan is accounted for this issue with IT, and we'll try to have some more of Alan's weird work in coming issues—CE

Your magazine and CREEPY are fantastic, fabulous and altogether terrific. People who don't know any better call your magazine a "comic." I try to explain to them that it is a showcase of talented artists. It is great for so many reasons I can't possibly put them all down on paper. One, however, is the fact that a different artist draws each story and each has his different style and personal touches. I like all the artists on your staff, and Frazetta, Adkins, Adams & Orlando the best. I think Archie Goodwin does a good job with the stories, but I enjoy having a story written by someone else for a change too. Keep up the good work. Your magazine has filled a void left long ago by EC comics.

Robert W. Ruble  
Stewartville, Minnesota

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE had some of Bob Jenney's good artwork, but the story must have been a copy. I saw the same story on a TV show called Twilight Zone. I would like you to tell me if Archie Goodwin wrote it for the show and used it in EERIE or just copied it.

Joe Knopp  
Grand Ledge, Michigan

As mentioned in my intro to the story, it is based on an acknowledged classic by Ambrose Bierce. Goodwin did his adaptation from Bierce's short story, and so did whom ever handle the TV script. Part of the blame's ours for any confusion, since the credit should have read "adapted," instead of "script" by Archie Goodwin. But then, nobody's perfect (as we keep finding out every issue)—CE

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 10, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017





THE BLAZING FLAME THAT WAS ROME AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION HAS BEGUN TO FLICKER AND DIE! OUT OF THE NORTH AND EAST, WHERE BARBARIC TRIBES FIERCELY CLASH, CREEPS A LONG BLACK SHADOW TO FALL ON HISTORY AS THE DARK AGES... AND RIDING THE SHADOW'S CREST YOU'LL FIND THE TERRIBLE FIGURE OF THE...

# WARRIOR of DEATH!

DAYLIGHT WAS SLOWLY FADING OVER THE SILENT CARNAGE THAT HAD NOT LONG BEFORE BEEN THE FRENZY OF BATTLE... WITH IT FADED THE LIFE OF ZAHARAN. HE PRESSED BACK AGAINST THE COLD STONE SUPPORTING HIM AND PEERED WITH TERRIBLE FASCINATION AT THE BRIGHT DOTS OF CRIMSON STAINING THE EARTH BENEATH HIM, KNOWING EACH NEW DROP BROUGHT HIM CLOSER TO A DARKNESS NO SUN'S RAYS WOULD EVER PIERCE...

I... AM NOT... READY...  
TO DIE!







NONE COULD  
MATCH MY  
STRENGTH,  
MY SKILL...  
WHY SHOULD  
I DIE AND  
LESSER  
MEN LIVE?!

NO VOICE ANSWERED ZAHRAN'S QUESTION. AT HIS FEET,  
THE CRIMSON STAIN GREW BROADER AND DARKER...

ZAHRAN'S DIMMING EYES LIFTED. THROUGH THE TWI-  
LIGHT HAZE, SOMETHING STIRRED AMONG THE  
CORPSES, DRIFTING SILENTLY NEARER...



WHO? WHO'S THERE?!  
COME CLOSER... LET MY  
BLADE TASTE BLOOD  
ONCE MORE BEFORE  
I DIE!



THAT TIME IS LONG PAST,  
ZAHRAN! YOUR SWORD WILL  
NEVER STRIKE AGAIN... I  
HAVE COME FOR YOU!

W-WHO...  
ARE... Y---



I AM  
DEATH,  
ZAHRAN!  
DEATH...  
COME TO  
CLAIM  
YOU!

THEN YOU CLAIM ONE  
WHO HAS SERVED  
YOU WELL!



THIS IS NOT  
A TIME FOR  
BOAST OR  
DISRESPECT,  
ZAHRAN...

STAY YOUR HAND... HEAR ME...  
WHAT IS MY ONE LIFE BESIDE  
THE HUNDREDS MY SWORD HAS  
BROUGHT YOU, THE THOUSANDS  
IT COULD BRING IF NOT FOREVER  
SILENCED?!



YOU HOPE  
TO BARGAIN?

I AM A WARRIOR, I LIVED ONLY  
TO FIGHT, TO KILL... WHAT COULD  
SERVE YOU BETTER? GUARAN-  
TEED LIFE, UNHAMPERED BY FEAR  
OF DEATH, THINK OF THE BOUNTY  
IN SOULS MY SWORD COULD  
SEND TO YOU!



DEATH LAUGHED. HIS SKELETAL FINGERS PROBED AND DANCED WILDLY TOWARD THE DARKENING SKY. THE HEAVENS SEEMED TO EXPLODE...



AN INTERESTING OFFER, ZAHARAN... **SERVE ME YOU SHALL!** MORTAL COMBAT WILL HOLD NO DEATH FOR YOU... YOU WILL BE ABOVE IT, **IMMORTAL!**

DEATH'S LAUGHTER BECAME THE PEAL OF THUNDER, ENVELOPING THE NIGHT IN A STORM THAT RAGED LIKE A LIVING BEING; ITS HOWLING WINDS AND LASHING RAINS EXTENDING FINGERS ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE, FINDING AND CHILLING THE HEARTS OF MEN... EVEN THOSE LOST IN REVELRY, EVEN THOSE LOST IN CELEBRATION OF A BATTLE WON AND AN ENEMY SLAIN...



SHEETS OF DRIVING RAIN SWEEPED INTO THE TENT OF THE CELEBRANTS, STINGING WINE-REDDENED FACES INTO SOBRIETY. A BRILLIANT BURST OF LIGHTNING ETCHED FOR EVERY EYE AN AWESOME VISION LOOMING IN THE ENTRANCE WAY...

WE LEFT HIM MORTALLY WOUNDED... DYING ON THE BATTLEFIELD... HOW..?



**Z-ZAHARAN!**  
IT... CANNOT BE!



THERE WAS NO TIME FOR FURTHER WORDS, ONLY FURTHER FEARS. ZAHRAN WAS UPON THEM, SWORD RIP-PING THE AIR LIKE A SCYTHE, ITS TERRIBLE HARVEST PUNCTUATED BY THE LIGHTNING'S WHITE HOT ILLUMINATION!



TIME AND AGAIN WITHIN THE TENT'S DEATH-ENSHROUDED INTERIOR, ENEMY STEEL FOUND ITS MARK...



BY DAWN THE STORM HAD ENDED, ITS VIOLENCE WANED AND DISAPPEARED. HIS BACK TO THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS, ZAHRAN STALKED WEARILY AWAY, LEAVING BEHIND ONLY A COLUMN OF THICK BLACK SMOKE AND THE DESOLATE CRY OF CIRCLING VULTURES.



SCREAMS WERE DROWNED BY THE THUNDER AND DRIVING TATTOO OF THE RAIN AS ZAHRAN'S BLOODSTAINED FIG- URE WHIRLED IN AND OUT OF THE DARKNESS, HIS FLASH- ING BLADE SPARING NO ONE...



... TO NO VISIBLE EFFECT!



DEATH HAS KEPT HIS BARGAIN. MY BODY IS COATED WITH WOUNDS, YET THEIR PAIN IS SLIGHT AND THEY HEAL WITH UNNATURAL SPEED...

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING... LET DEATH NOW LEARN HE'S CHOSEN HIS WARRIOR WELL!



THE LEGEND BEGAN, ZAHRAN THE SCOURGE, ZAHRAN THE INVINCIBLE, ZAHRAN THE MERCILESS... HE SWEEPED THROUGH THE EAST LIKE A PLAGUE! THOSE WHO DID NOT PERISH UNDER HIS BLADE SOON JOINED HIS SWELLING RANKS WHICH PUSHED FORWARD LIKE A RAMPAGING JUGGERNAUT, SWALLOWING FIRST SMALL TRIBES...



THE HORDE MOVED ACROSS CONTINENTS, LEAVING BEHIND SCORCHED EARTH AND BLEACHED BONES, LEAD BY A RELENTLESS BATTLE-SCARRED MAN NOW RUMORED TO BE DEATH HIMSELF. ZAHRAN'S BLOODLUSTING SWORD NOW HAMMERED AT THE GATES OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

WE'VE MADE GOOD TIME, SIRE... THE FIRST CITY OF THE WEST! B-BUT THE SIZE OF IT!



IT WILL FALL... JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! NO MATTER WHAT THE COST... I'LL LEAD, THE MEN WILL FOLLOW!

... THEN, LARGE ARMIES...



... AND GREAT CITIES!



SIRE! THERE ARE STILL SOME ALIVE INSIDE... THEY WANT TO SURRENDER...

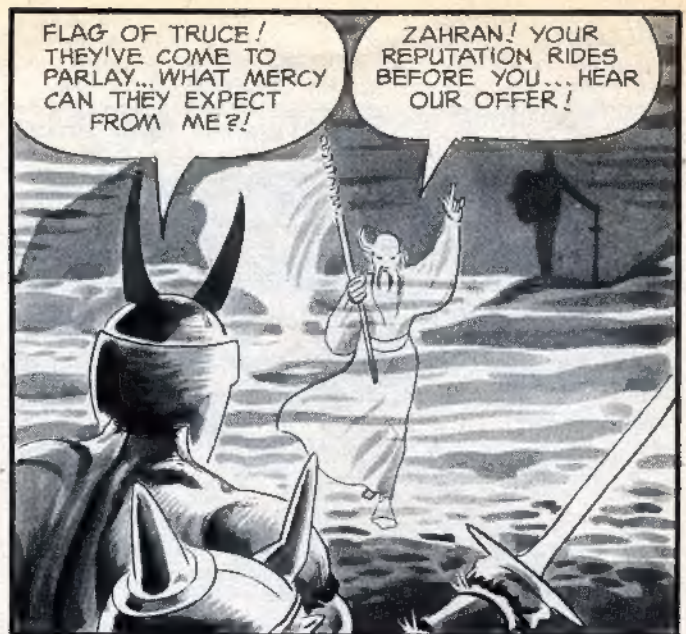
NO PRISONERS!





AFTER THIS DAY, DEATH  
MAY WELL REGRET  
HIS BARGAIN... THE  
NAME ZAHRAN WILL  
STRIKE MORE FEAR  
THAN THE REAPER  
HIMSELF!

SIRE! OUT  
THERE IN THE  
MISTS... SOMEONE'S  
COMING!



FLAG OF TRUCE!  
THEY'VE COME TO  
PARLAY... WHAT MERCY  
CAN THEY EXPECT  
FROM ME?!

ZAHRAN! YOUR  
REPUTATION RIDES  
BEFORE YOU... HEAR  
OUR OFFER!



OUR CHAMPION VALRIC STANDS READY BEFORE  
THE WALLS... HE CHALLENGES YOU TO **PERSONAL**  
COMBAT, OUR CITY THE PRIZE! WHAT WORD  
SHALL I TAKE BACK TO HIM?

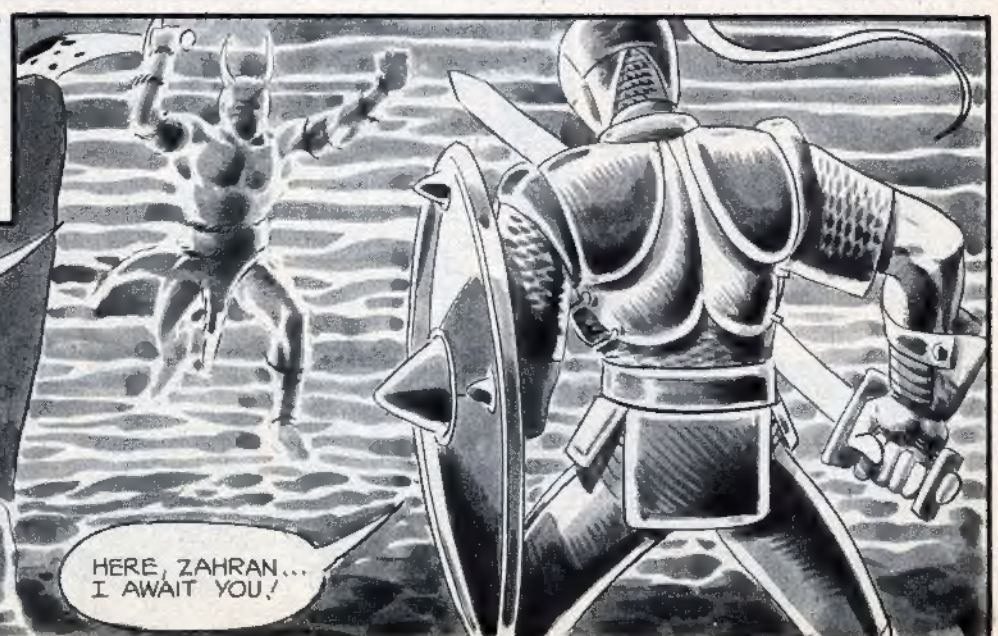


**THIS WORD,  
OLD MAN! AND  
I'LL BRING IT TO  
VALRIC  
PERSONALLY!**

ZAHRAN'S BLOOD QUICKENED  
AS HE CHARGED FORWARD  
IN THE YEARS OF HIS RISE,  
FEW HAD DARED CHALLENGE  
HIM TO INDIVIDUAL BATTLE,  
FEW HAD THE SKILL OR  
THE NERVE. HE HOPED THIS  
CHAMPION WOULD NOT  
DISAPPOINT HIM...



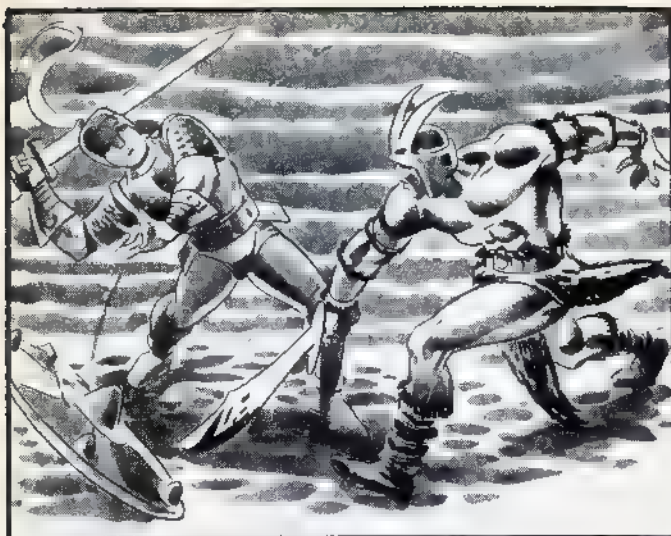
**VALRIC! SHOW  
YOURSELF, VALRIC!...  
IF YOU STILL DARE!**



HERE, ZAHRAN...  
I AWAIT YOU!



NO FURTHER WORDS WERE WASTED AND ZAHRAN PRESSED FORWARD WITH HIS ATTACK, BRUTALLY AND UNRELENTINGLY, WITH WILD CONFIDENCE AND DISREGARD...



THE SPARKS OF STEEL ON STEEL SPATTERED THE MORNING MIST LIKE FIREFLYS AS THE BATTLE SEESAWED BACK AND FORTH, VALRIC GRADUALLY GIVING GROUND BEFORE THE HAMMERING BLADE OF THE CARELESS Zahrán...



WITH BONE-SHATTERING FORCE, VALRIC WENT SPRAWLING TO THE GROUND, BLOOD SPURTING FROM HIS YOUTHFUL BODY...



SHARP PAIN SUDDENLY DARTED INTO Zahrán'S CHEST, STRIKING DEEP, GNAWING AT HIS HEART...

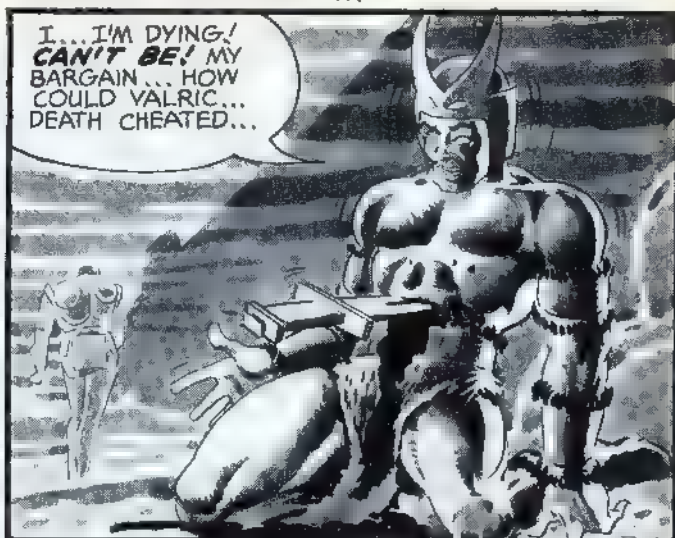


WOUNDS HAD CAUSED ZAHRAN PAIN BEFORE. IT ALWAYS WENT AWAY QUICKLY HE STAGGERED BACK, STARTING TO LAUGH AT THE YOUNG FOOL'S DYING EFFORT. BLOOD CLOGGED IN HIS THROAT, CHOKING HIM. THE PAIN INCREASED...

A PAINFUL TREMOR SHUDDERED THROUGH HIS BODY. ZAHRAN'S KNEES WENT LIMP AND THE INVINCIBLE ONE COLLAPSED TO THE GROUND AS VALRIC SLOWLY STAGGERED FROM SIGHT...



I WAS... CARELESS...  
SHOULD HAVE... KILLED  
YOU... ONE STROKE...  
NOW I'LL...



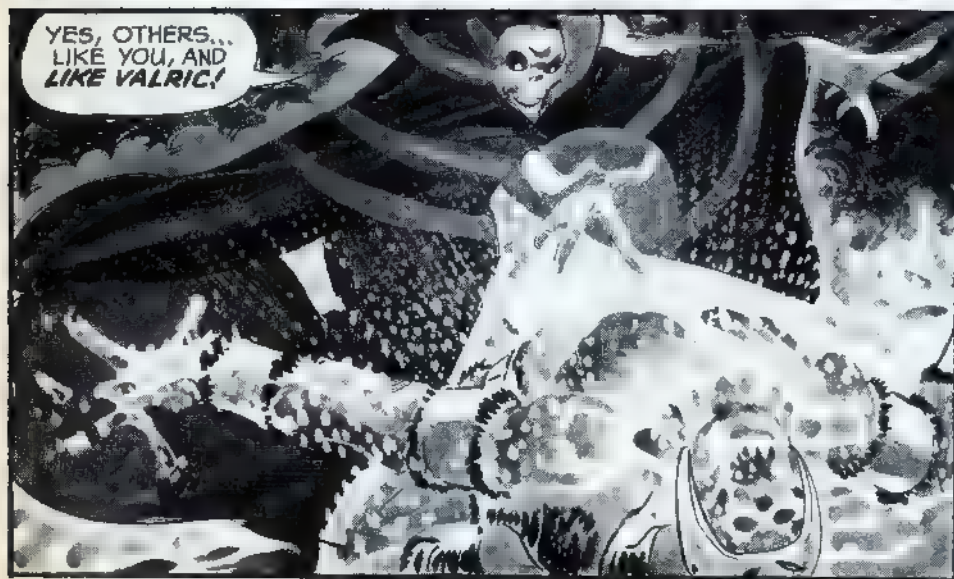
I... I'M DYING!  
**CAN'T BE!** MY  
BARGAIN... HOW  
COULD VALRIC...  
DEATH CHEATED...

THUNDER SOUNDED NEARBY. THE SKY GREW DARK WITH AN APPROACHING STORM, AND A SHADOW PASSED OVER ZAHRAN, AND THROUGH EYES NARROWED TO SLITS WITH A GRIMACE OF PAIN, HE SAW A GLEAMING WHITE FACE LOOMING CLOSE...



I KEPT MY BARGAIN, ZAHRAN! I DID NOT FORSEE IT'S MAKING YOU A BLASPHEMOUS RIVAL TO ME... YOU DID NOT FORSEE THE SAME BARGAIN MIGHT BE STRUCK WITH **OTHERS**...

O-OTHERS...  
**OTHERS**  
**IMMORTAL**  
LIKE ME?



YES, OTHERS...  
LIKE YOU, AND  
**LIKE VALRIC!**

LOOKS LIKE ZAHRAN'S LITTLE BARGAIN TURNED OUT TO BE THE **DEATH** OF HIM AFTER ALL! NOW I WONDER HOW VALRIC'S GOING TO MAKE OUT... HE'S PROBABLY **DYING** TO FIND OUT HIMSELF!



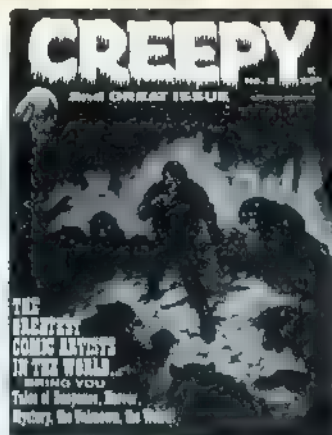
DEATH LEANED CLOSER. HIS HAND TOUCHED ZAHRAN'S CHEST, A TOUCH YEARS DELAYED IN COMING THAT QUICKLY RECAPTURED THE TIME!



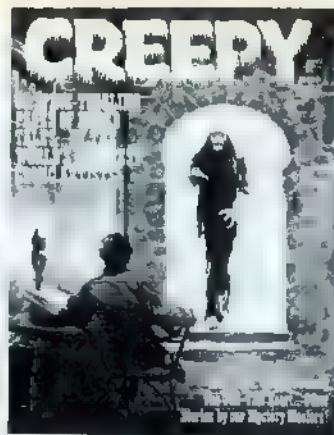
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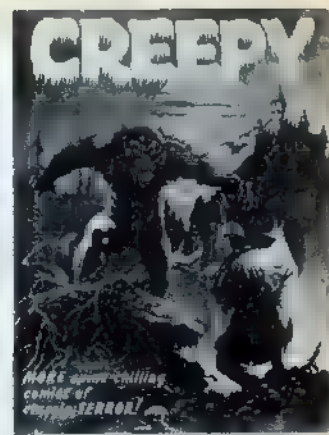
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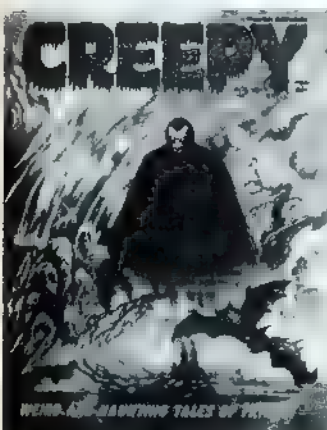
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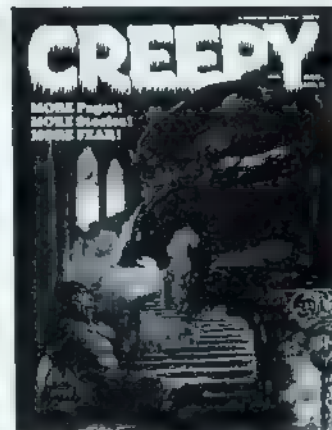
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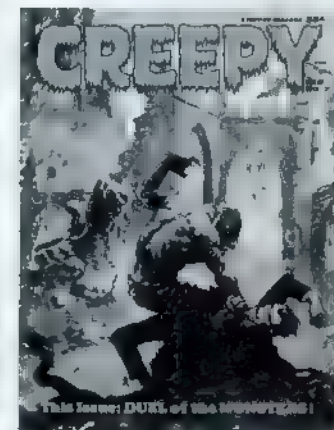
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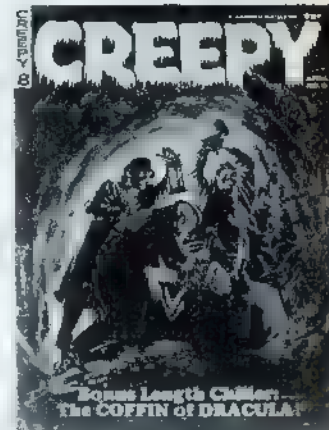
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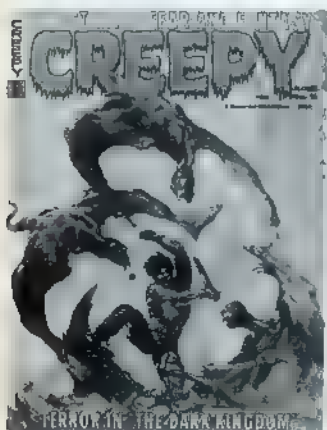
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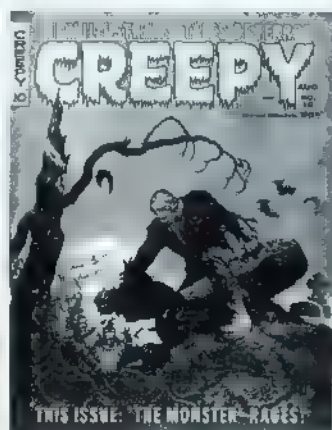
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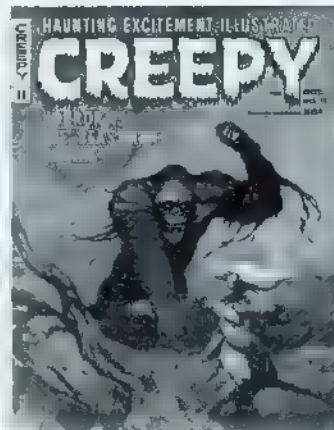
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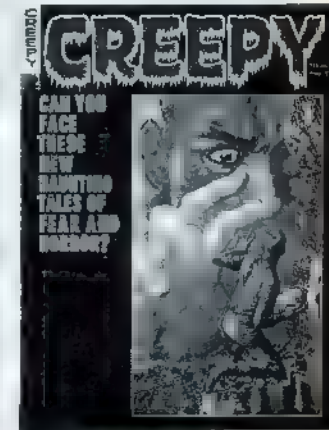
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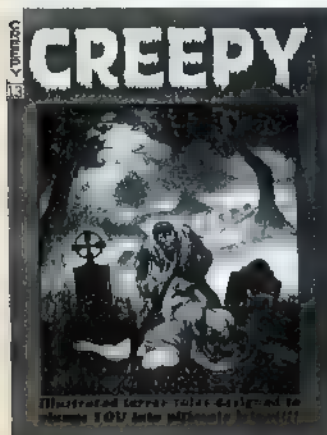
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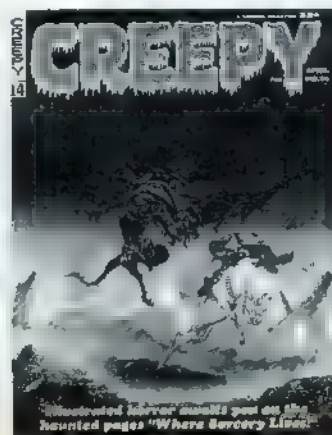
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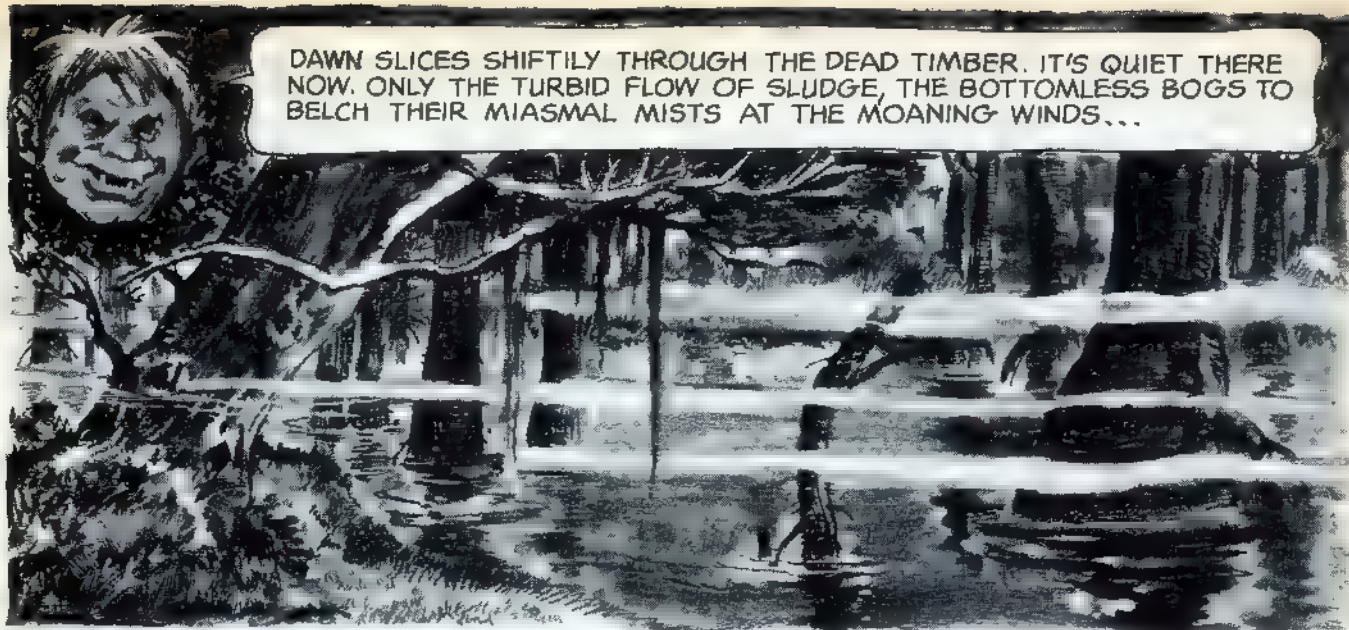
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DAWN SLICES SHIFTILY THROUGH THE DEAD TIMBER. IT'S QUIET THERE NOW. ONLY THE TURBID FLOW OF SLUDGE, THE BOTTOMLESS BOGS TO BELCH THEIR MIASMAL MISTS AT THE MOANING WINDS...



BUT FAR AWAY, THE THIN CRACKLING OF ROTTED BRANCHES PRELUDES A VISIT FROM MORE OF THE FULL-FLESHED, FLUSH-BLOODED INVADERS FROM THE WORLD WITHOUT ...

A VISIT FROM **MAN**, IN SEARCH OF THE UNKNOWN ...

THIS HERE'S FOOLISHNESS...  
JEST FOOLISHNESS!



THAT'S PROBL'Y IT!  
ONE O' THEM **FLYIN'**  
**SQUIRRELS** CAME  
A'SWOOPIN' NEAR  
YA!

I SWEAR, BRUTHER  
-- THEY WAS  
**MONSTERS!**  
ENORMOUS UGLY  
THINGS!



IT'S ALL TRUE, JAKE... RIGHT UP  
THAR I SEEN 'EM... AND... AND...

...**THAR THEY BE, JAKE!**

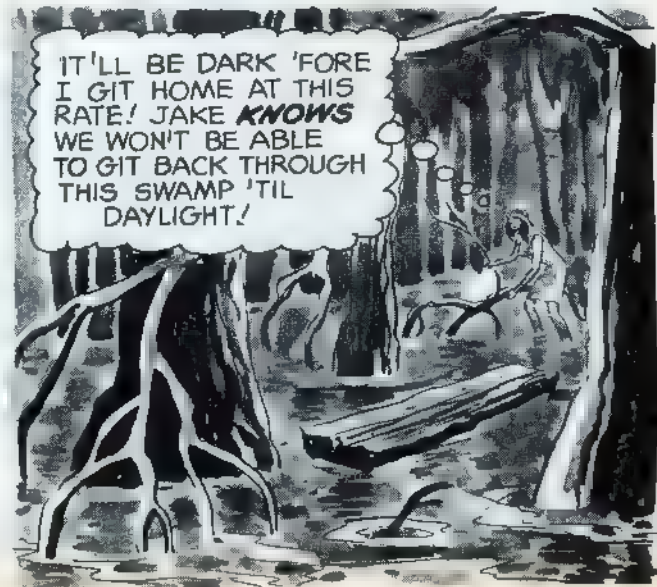
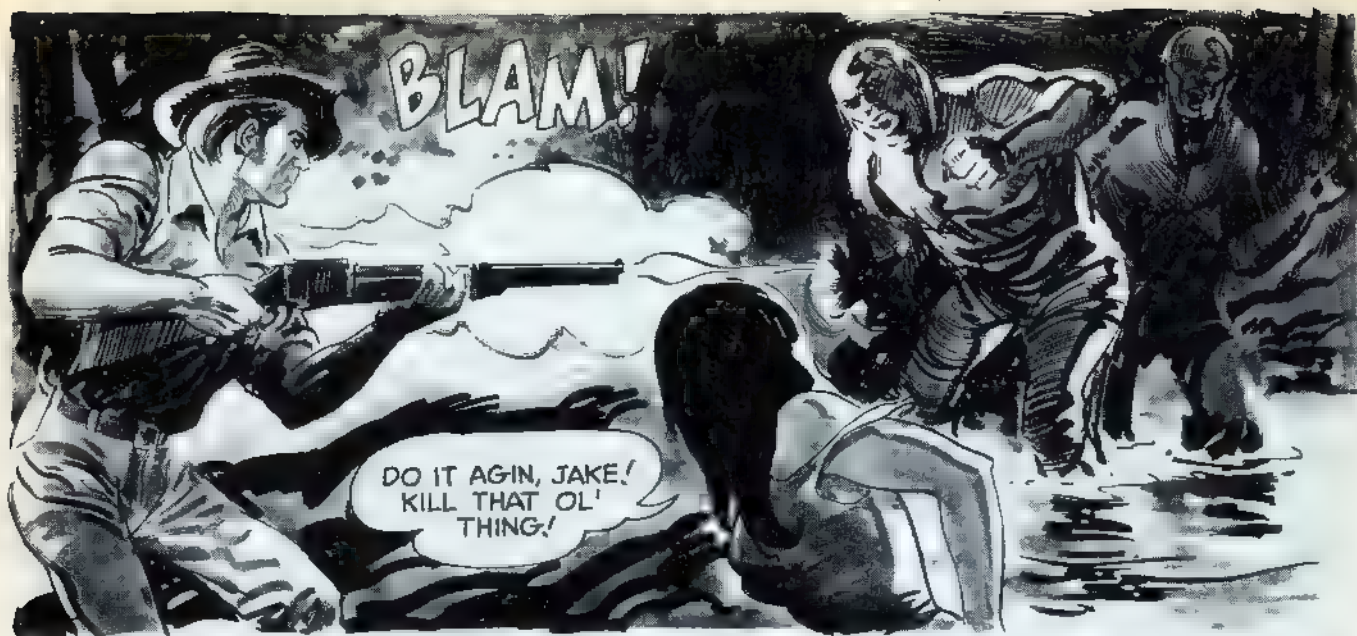


# THE SLUGGER!



ART BY JOE ORLANDO/SCRIPT BY BILL PEARSON









THAT'S WHAT I GIT  
FER LOSIN' MY HEAD  
LIKE A SLACK-JAWED  
YOUNG 'UN!...

EH?!... I SWAN!  
-IT'S A' STIRRIN'  
AGIN'!



MAY TEAR THIS LEG UP SOME, BUT  
I'D BEST HIGHTAIL IT **ANYHOW!**



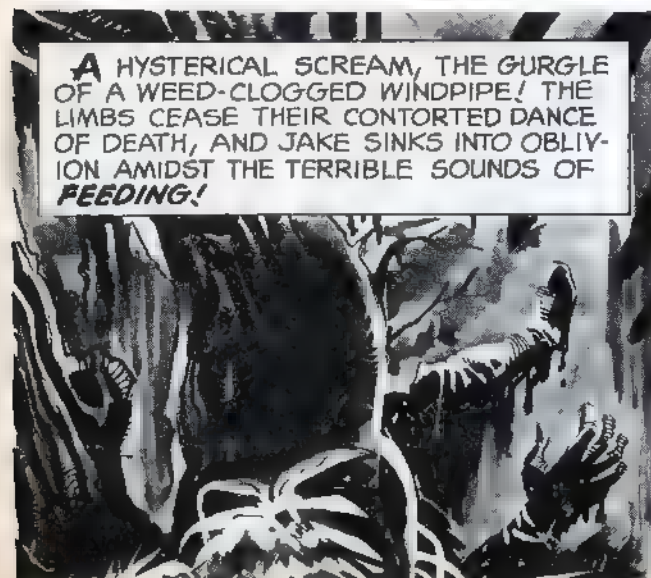
THE HALF-LAME MAN STAGGERS THROUGH  
THE ROOT-STREWN, MUDDY TURF, BUT...

OOOOF!  
NO GOOD!!

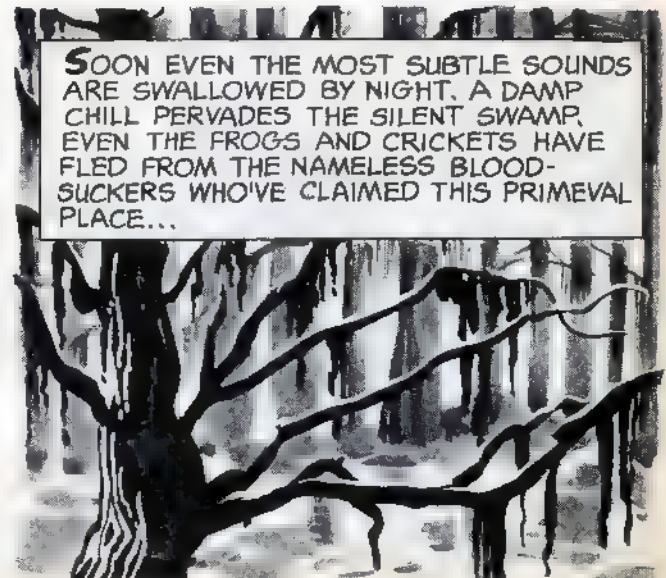


WHAT?!? NO!

NOOOOOOOOO!!



A HYSTERICAL SCREAM, THE GURGLE  
OF A WEED-CLOGGED WINDPIPE! THE  
LIMBS CEASE THEIR CONTORTED DANCE  
OF DEATH, AND JAKE SINKS INTO OBLIV-  
ION AMIDST THE TERRIBLE SOUNDS OF  
**FEEDING!**



SOON EVEN THE MOST SUBTLE SOUNDS  
ARE SWALLOWED BY NIGHT. A DAMP  
CHILL PERVADES THE SILENT SWAMP.  
EVEN THE FROGS AND CRICKETS HAVE  
FLED FROM THE NAMELESS BLOOD-  
SUCKERS WHO'VE CLAIMED THIS PRIMEVAL  
PLACE...



BUT A THIRST STRONGER THAN THE OUT-REACHING EMBRACE OF DEATH BRINGS JAKE PAINFULLY BACK TO HIS SENSES...



INSTINCTIVELY, THE FILTHY MUD-COVERED FIGURE HALF-CRAWLS, HALF-ROLLS THROUGH THE MUD AND WEED...

WATER... WATER...



SLIDING, WORMING HIS WAY THROUGH OOZE AND SLIME, WALLOWING HIS WAY THROUGH THE TURBID FOLDS OF THE MOIST MARSH, TOWARD THAT WHICH HIS ENTIRE BEING SCREAMS FOR...

...SO THIRSTY... WEAK  
...MUST HAVE...  
WATER...



UNTIL AT LAST, CAKED AND COATED WITH THE CLINGING MUCK THROUGH WHICH HE HAS MOVED, JAKE TUMBLES INTO THE MOSS-COATED, STAGNANT GRIP OF THE THICK BLACK SWAMP WATER...



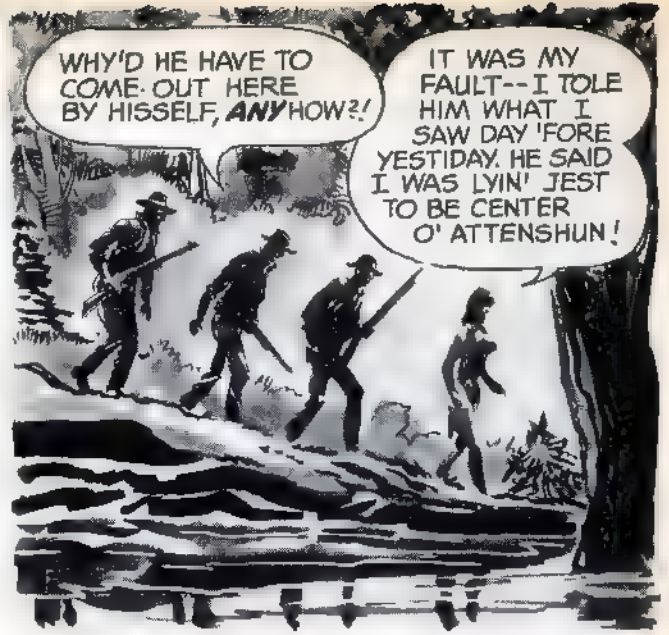
...AND SETTLES, A LIMP AND FORMLESS PHANTOM, HIS BODY NUMB FOR THE NEED OF ITS LOST LIFEBLOOD, CRAVING AND CARING ONLY FOR THE SURROUNDING MOISTURE...



NOW, THERE HE SITS, HIS PORES OCCASIONALLY INHALING JUST ENOUGH OXYGEN TO KEEP THE ORGANISM ALIVE... AS IF HE WERE NOTHING MORE THAN A ...SLUG!









HOURS LYING IMMOBILE, SLOWLY ABSORBING MOISTURE, INCHING BACK FROM NEAR-DEATH, HAVE MADE JAKE'S MIND, LUCID AGAIN, BUT...

OH, GAWD! THEY GONNA KILL ME! JEST LIKE I DID THEM OTHER PORE SOULS! SO WEAK... GOTTA PUT ALL MY STRENGTH INTO ONE YELL... ONE WARNING...



HIS SLIME-CAKED FACE CRACKS AND STRAINS INTO AN OPEN MOUTHED CRY, ONLY TO BE BETRAYED BY PARCHED, WEAKENED VOCAL CHORDS WHICH CAN ONLY SEND FORTH A RASPING ROAR AS INHUMAN AS HIS APPEARANCE...



THAT GOT 'IM, PAPPY!

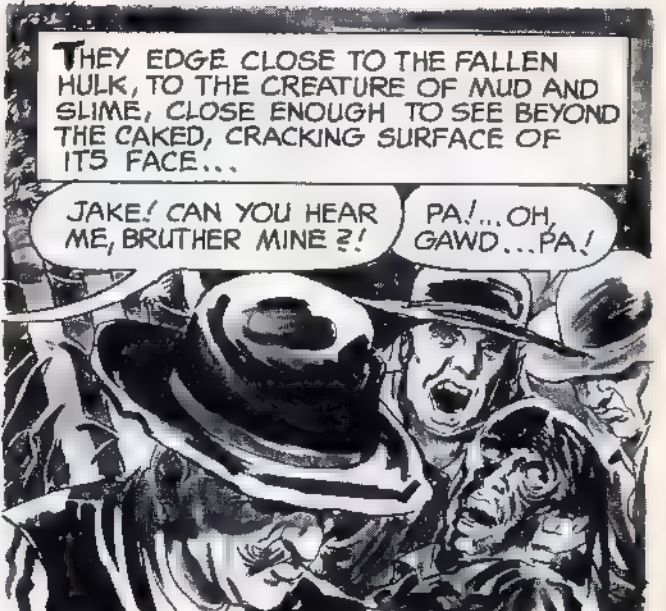
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JAKE? THEM OL' THINGS COULDN'T O' GOT HIM! THEY JEST COULDN'T... JAKE! OH, JAKE!



THEY EDGE CLOSE TO THE FALLEN HULK, TO THE CREATURE OF MUD AND SLIME, CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE BEYOND THE CAKED, CRACKING SURFACE OF ITS FACE...

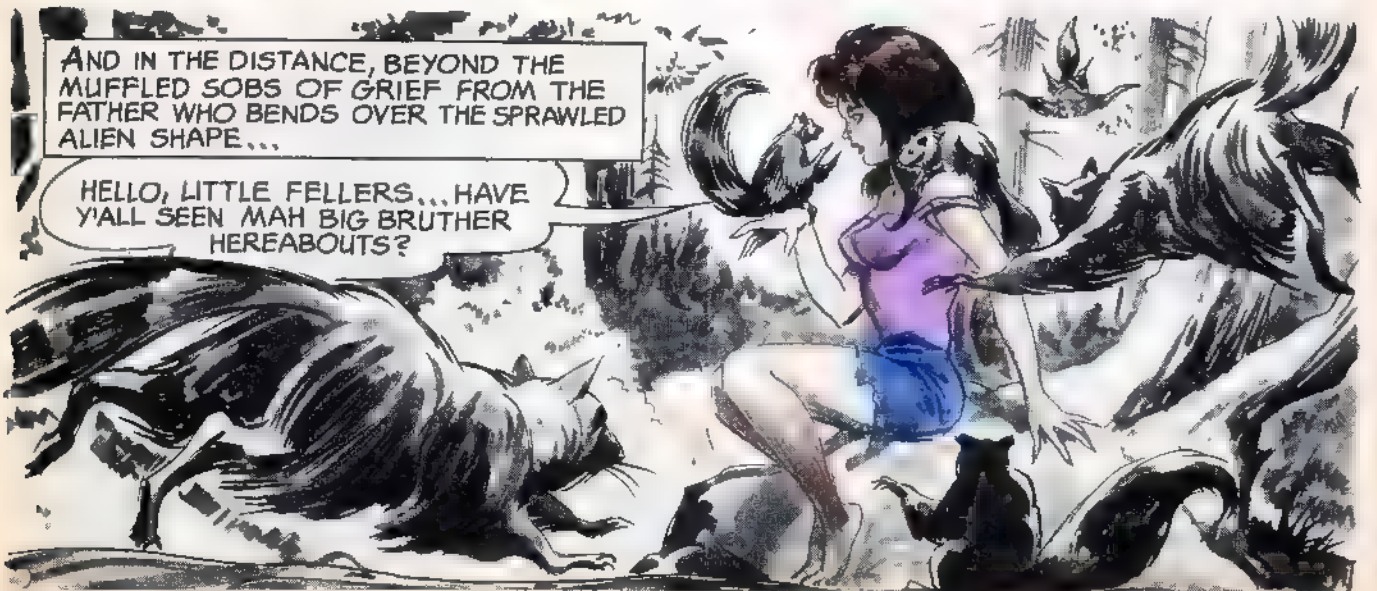
JAKE! CAN YOU HEAR ME, BRUTHER MINE?!

PA!... OH, GAWD... PA!



AND IN THE DISTANCE, BEYOND THE MUFFLED SOBS OF GRIEF FROM THE FATHER WHO BENDS OVER THE SPRAWLED ALIEN SHAPE...

HELLO, LITTLE FELLERS... HAVE Y'ALL SEEN MAH BIG BRUTHER HEREABOUTS?

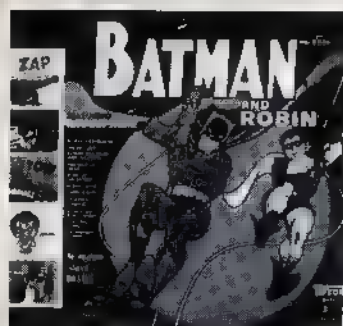








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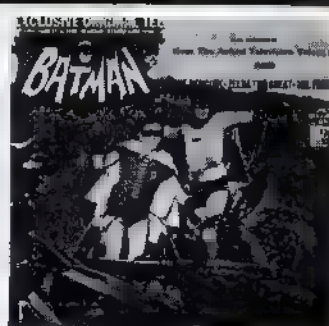
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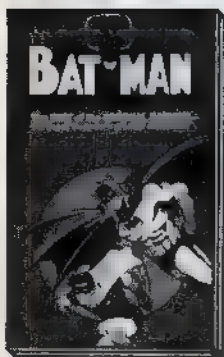
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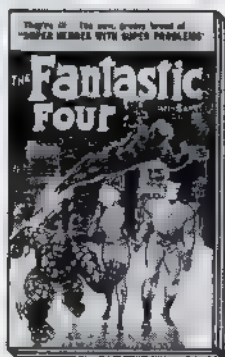
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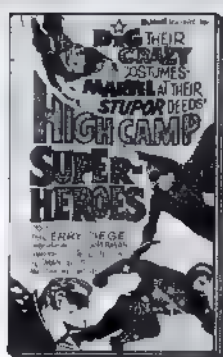
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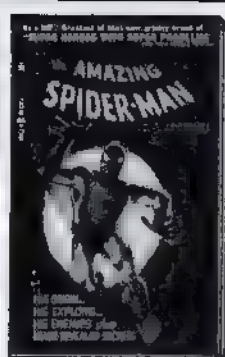
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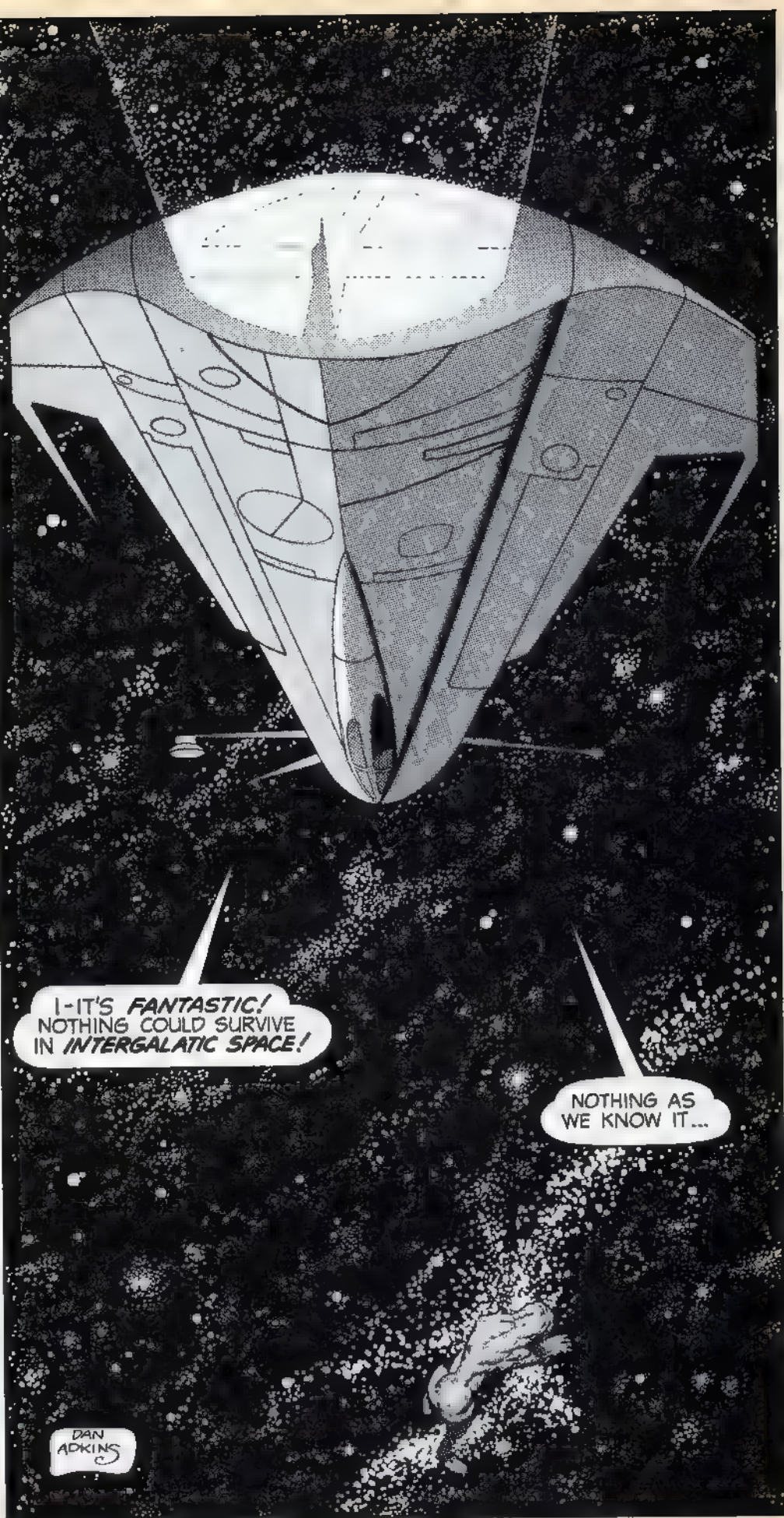
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THE UNIVERSE IS VAST... THE FAR-FLUNG GALAXIES SPRAWL ENDLESSLY. BUT THIS VASTNESS IS NOT STATIC... EACH GALAXY MOVES WITH INFINITE SLOWNESS ON A SURE COURSE. WITHIN THEM, STARS LIVE AND DIE, EXPLODING WITH NOVA FORCE, SHRIVELING TO COLD BLACK SHELLS... PLANETS ORBIT AND TURN, PERISH AND FLOURISH... LIFE, IN UNCOUNTABLE VARIETY, IS SPAWNED AND DEVELOPED... ALL MOVING STEADILY, INALTERABLY, DRAWN BY THEIR OWN NEEDS AND PURPOSE! AS WAS THE INTERSTELLAR SPACE CRUISER FROM EARTH WHEN SCANNING SCREENS FIRST GAVE THE ALARM OF THEIR APPROACH TOWARD .....

IT!





AS THE GIANT SHIP DREW CLOSE TO THE STRANGE FORM, CAPTAIN DURWARD AND EXPEDITION DIRECTOR ELLIOT BENT FORWARD, THEIR TENSE FACES BATHED IN THE SCANNING SCREEN'S GLOW ....

...OF COURSE THERE'S A GOOD POSSIBILITY IT'S DEAD, CAPTAIN. CAST INTO SPACE BY AN EXPLODING PLANET... A CORPSE DRIFTING FOREVER ...

EITHER WAY IT'S QUITE A FIND, EH, ELLIOT?

REMARKABLE! THE ODDS AGAINST AN ENCOUNTER LIKE THIS ARE ... **INCALCULABLE!** IN FACT, I FIND IT DISTURBING ...

THAT'S WHY THE MILITARY STILL CONTROLS THESE EXPLORATION TRIPS, ELLIOT... WHATEVER *IT* IS OUT THERE, MY BOYS CAN HANDLE IT!

LEAVING THE CONTROL ROOM, BOTH MEN CONTINUED TALKING, OVER THE STEADY POWER HUM OF THE INTER-DECK LIFT ...

OUR MISSION'S TO EXPLORE AND EXAMINE... YOU CAN'T DO A COMPLETE JOB TILL THAT THING'S IN THE LABORATORY HOLD!

...UNTIL THEY REACHED THE BRIEFING ROOM WHERE A SELECTED GROUP OF MEN WAIT...

PROBABLY THE CREATURE'S DEAD, BUT PLAY IT CLOSE TO THE VEST... IF PRELIMINARY TESTS REGISTER POSITIVE, THROW AN ENERGY SHIELD AROUND IT AND GET BACK TO THE SHIP... WE'LL TAKE IT FROM THERE!

I RATHER HATE RISKING IT'S BEING BROUGHT INTO THE SHIP, BUT...

AGAINST THE DARK VELVET EMPTINESS OF INTER-GALACTIC SPACE, THE MEN WENT ABOUT THEIR TASK, SWARMING ABOUT THE STILL, FLOATING HULK...

NO SWEAT, SKIPPER! **ALL TESTS NEGATIVE!** IT'S BIG AND UGLY, BUT IT'S **DEAD!** STAND BY AT NUMBER 3 HATCH! WE'RE BRINGING IT ABOARD!



METHODICALLY, THE MONSTROUS FORM WAS MOVED INTO THE LABORATORY HOLD, ITS GREAT BULK STRETCHED LIFELESSLY ON THE GLEAMING METAL DECK...

DEAD OR NOT, THE SOONER I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT THIS THING, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!

OUTER LOCK IS SEALED... YOU CAN REPRESSURIZE THE HOLD NOW... ALL READY FOR TESTING!

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM, CAPTAIN DURWARD LOOKED UP FROM THE INTRASHIP VIEWER WITH A SMILE OF SATISFACTION...

ONCE MY BOYS ARE OUT, ELLIOT, YOU AND YOUR TECHNICIANS CAN MOVE IN... FINDING THIS MONSTER'S GOING TO BE A REAL FEATHER IN OUR CAPS ON EARTH!

PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE CONDUCTED A FEW MORE TESTS... WE CAN'T BE CERTAIN WHAT EFFECT ATMOSPHERE MAY HAVE...

NO ADVERSE EFFECT ON CORPSE FROM REPRESSURIZING... IT'S UGLY AS EVER!

THE MAD SCIENTISTS CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE!

THE CREWMEN TURNED AWAY FROM THE HIDEOUS FORM SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOLD. LAUGHING AND JOKING, THEY CLUSTERED NEAR THE FORWARD HATCH, AWAITING THEIR RELIEF...

WE SHOULDN'T KID ABOUT ITS LOOKS... THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A VERY INTELLIGENT CREATURE!

IF YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S A GREAT ARGUMENT FOR STUPIDITY!

GGNYAHHHHH!



VIEW SCREENS THROUGHOUT THE SHIP FLASHED A SCENE OF UNMERCIFUL DESTRUCTION AND HORRIFYING CARNAGE...

**ELLIOT!** MY GOD... **IT WAS DEAD!** HOW...

S-SOME KIND OF FANTASTIC CONTROL OVER ITS **METABOLISM!** MAINTAINING SOME TYPE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION IN DEEP SPACE... THEN UNDER THE SHIP'S ATMOSPHERE... **IT REVIVED!**



CAPTAIN DURWARD'S FINGER JABBED AT THE BRIGHT RED **GENERAL ALERT** BUTTON. THE SCREAMING ALARM ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE SHIP AS HE SEIZED THE VIEWER CONTROLS...



**SECURITY CONTROL!**  
**SECURITY CONTROL!**  
SEAL OFF THE LABORATORY HOLD... **IMMEDIATELY!**  
ALL HATCHES, AIR-CONDITIONING DUCTS...  
**SEAL IT OFF TIGHT!**

TOO LATE TO HELP THOSE POOR DEVILS TRAPPED WITH THAT THING, BUT ONCE THE HOLD'S SEALED OFF WE'LL DEPRESSURIZE AND...

**CAPTAIN!** IT'S LOCATED THE VIEWER SYSTEM... **LOOK!**



**IT'S RIPPED OUT THE SYSTEM!** WE CAN'T SEE WHAT IT'S DOING! WE...

**SECURITY CONTROL!**  
**CAPTAIN!** THE HOLD IS SEALED OFF, BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG. **WE'VE LOST CONTROL!** ALL OUR CONNECTIONS **NO LONGER RESPOND!**

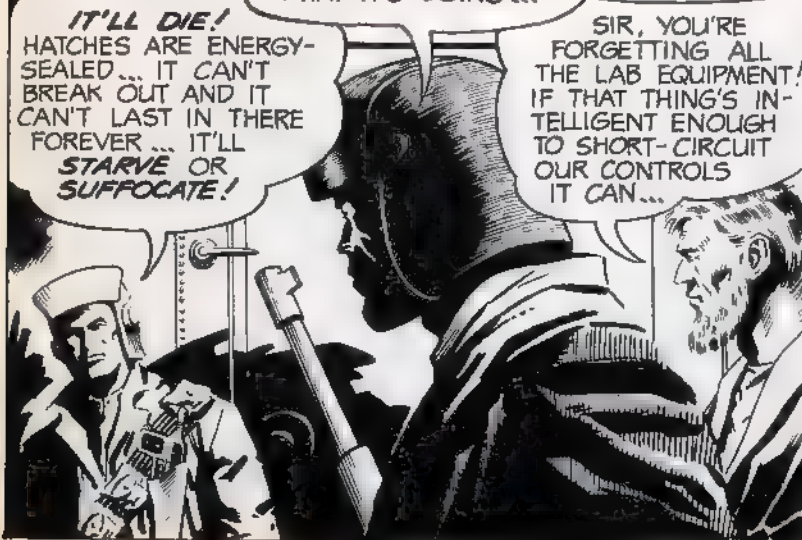


MINUTES PASSED, THEN HOURS. THE STATE OF EMERGENCY FROZE OVER INTO STALEMATE...

IT HASN'T TRIED ANYTHING, SIR... CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT'S DOING...

**IT'LL DIE!**  
HATCHES ARE ENERGY-SEALED... IT CAN'T BREAK OUT AND IT CAN'T LAST IN THERE FOREVER... IT'LL **STARVE OR SUFFOCATE!**

SIR, YOU'RE FORGETTING ALL THE LAB EQUIPMENT! IF THAT THING'S INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO SHORT-CIRCUIT OUR CONTROLS IT CAN...







DESPERATELY, THE EXPEDITION DIRECTOR GRABBED THE AMAZED OFFICER, DRAGGING HIM DOWN THE CORRIDOR, AWAY FROM THE ON-RUSHING HORROR, AS BEHIND THEM...

WHAT KIND OF BEAST IS IT?!

NOTHING ON EARTH COULD BREAK THROUGH AN ENERGY-SEALED DOOR!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, CAPTAIN! IT'S TOO POWERFUL FOR US... THE NERVE-BLASTERS AREN'T HAVING ANY EFFECT! CAPTAIN, PLEASE...



AAAAAIIIEEEEE!

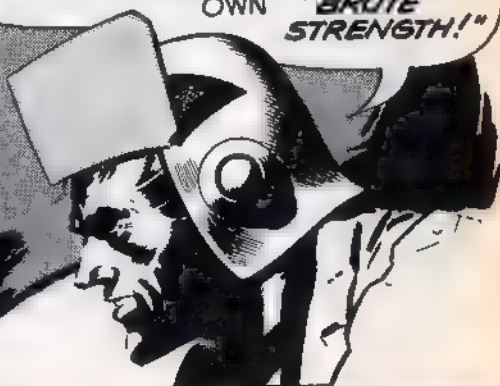
RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES, THE TWO MEN CLAMBERED UPON THE LIFT, CURSING ITS REGULAR, AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLLED RATE OF CLIMB...

I-IT TOOK TIME TO CARRY THE GUARD'S BODY INTO THE HOLD! WE'D NEVER HAVE MADE IT, IF IT HADN'T DONE THAT!

EVOLUTION PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS! WHEREVER THIS THING'S FROM, BRILLIANT MIND POWER BECAME LINKED WITH ANIMAL INSTINCTS... WE'RE LUCKY THERE'S ONLY ONE

OF THEM! COLLECTIVELY, WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO DEFEAT IT!

WE'LL DEFEAT IT ALL RIGHT! COME ON TO THE WEAPONS DECK... I'LL SHOW THAT \*~\*~\*~\* SOME OF OUR OWN "BRUTE STRENGTH!"



HOW CAN IT BE, ELLIOT? HOW CAN SOMETHING SO GROTESQUE, SO BESTIAL ACCOMPLISH WHAT IT HAS? IT CAN'T BE MORE INTELLIGENT THAN US... IT CAN'T BE!



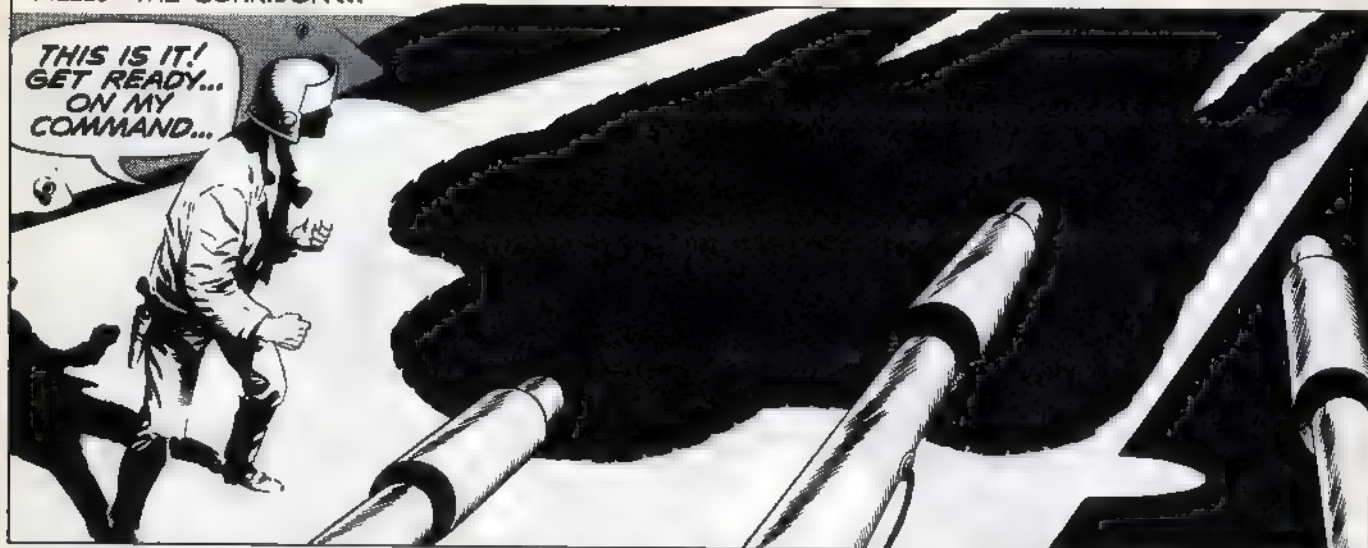
THE BLAST CANNONS, CAPTAIN? THEY'RE DESIGNED FOR EXTERIOR USE! THAT MUCH ENERGY RELEASED INSIDE THE SHIP WILL DO A LOT OF DAMAGE...

IT'S WORTH THE RISK TO STOP THAT THING! IT KNOWS WE CAME THIS WAY, IT'LL BE UP HERE SOON... SWING THOSE CANNONS AROUND! I WANT A CROSSFIRE ON THAT CORRIDOR!





THE ORDERS WERE CARRIED OUT IMMEDIATELY, NERVOUS, PERSPIRING GUN CREWS TENSED BEHIND THEIR WEAPONS, PRAYING THE CAPTAIN WAS WRONG, PRAYING THE CREATURE OF HORROR MIGHT STRIKE SOMEWHERE, ANYWHERE, ELSE... THEN, A LARGE, TERRIBLE SHADOW FILLED THE CORRIDOR...



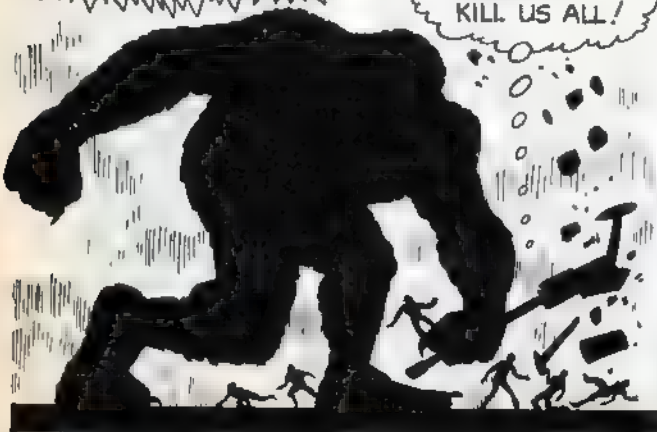
THE SHADOW CAME FORWARD QUICKLY, UNHESITANTLY, BECOMING ALL TOO-SOLID REALITY... MOVING FAR FASTER THAN ANY SUCH MONSTROUS BULK SHOULD...



BLAST AFTER BLAST OF RAW ENERGY SLAMMED INTO THE TERRIFYING JUGGERNAUT, CAUSING IT TO SHUDDER AND WINCE, BUT NOT HALTING ITS DESTRUCTIVE CHARGE...

YAHHHHHHHH!

OH, GOD! IT'S GOING TO KILL US ALL!



EVEN AS THE THOUGHT SCREAMED IN ELLIOT'S MIND, BLACKNESS ENGULFED HIM! LONG MOMENTS LATER, PERHAPS HOURS, TO HIS SURPRISE, THE DARKNESS CLEARED...

I-I'M ALIVE...! I DON'T BELIEVE IT... DID THE CANNONS...

NO! BUT THE PAIN FINALLY MADE IT RETREAT... CARRYING OFF AS MANY DEAD MEN AS IT COULD! NOW I KNOW HOW TO KILL IT!





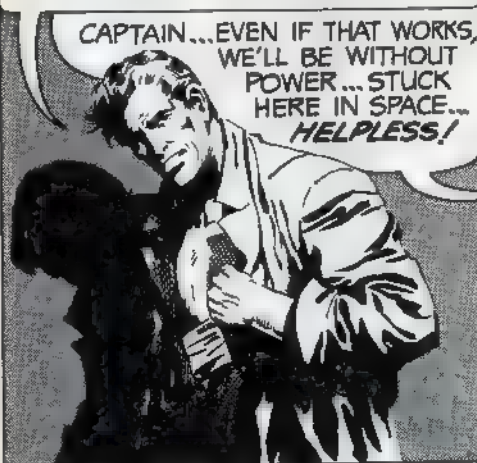
**I WANT EVERY MAN IN THE ENGINE ROOM!** IN FULL PROTECTIVE GEAR! ENERGY BLASTS IN LARGE ENOUGH DOSES CAN HURT IT, THE CANNON PROVED THAT... IF WE CHANNEL FULL GENERATOR POWER TO JUST ONE CORRIDOR... WE'LL BLAST IT OUT OF EXISTENCE!

CAPTAIN DURWARD WAS ADAMANT. THE CREW GATHERED IN THE ENGINE ROOM, THE LAST DITCH STAND AGAINST THE HORRENDOUS INVADER...

JUDGING FROM EVERY OTHER ATTACK, IT **NEEDS** VICTIMS... BUT IT CAN ONLY REACH US BY USING THE CORRIDOR. WHEN IT DOES, **WE'VE GOT IT!**

THE SUITS WILL PROTECT US FROM THE BLAST, BUT IF THIS DOESN'T WORK... **IT'S GOT US!**

CAPTAIN... EVEN IF THAT WORKS, WE'LL BE WITHOUT POWER... STUCK HERE IN SPACE... **HELPLESS!**

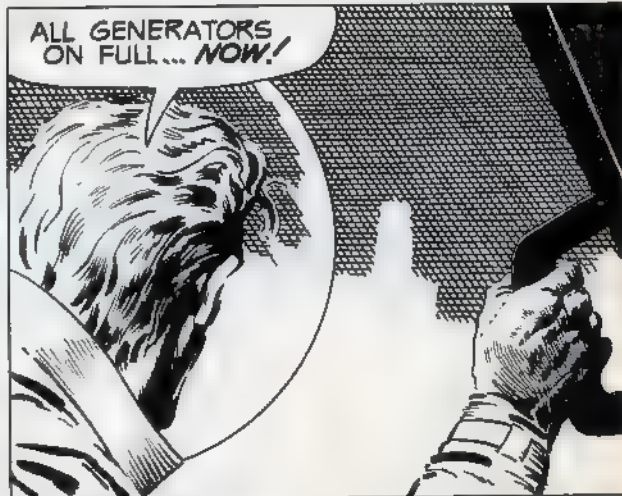


ONCE AGAIN THE MEN WAITED. LONG TORTURING HOURS, SWEATY AND UNCOMFORTABLE IN THE TIGHT CONFINES OF THE PROTECTIVE SUITS... WAITED UNTIL IT SEEMED THEY WOULD SCREAM WITH WAITING... THEN, ALL TOO QUICKLY...

**SIR! IT'S IN THE CORRIDOR... COMING FAST!**



**ALL GENERATORS ON FULL... NOW!**



WITH A BANSHEE SCREAM THAT WOULD HAVE SHATTERED UNPROTECTED EARDRUMS, THE SHIP'S MIGHTY GENERATORS WHINED UNDER THE STRESS OF UNLEASHED POWER... WAVES OF CONCENTRATED ENERGY BOMBARDED THE NARROW CORRIDOR, MELTING METAL AND INSULATION... CREATING A WHIRLPOOL OF DEATH AROUND THE MONSTER FIGURE HOWLING IN ITS MIDST...



DRAINING AND ABSORBING EVERY LAST OUNCE OF POWER IN THE THROBBING ENGINES... BUT, WHEN IT WAS OVER...

**WE'VE WON!** LOOK AT IT, ELLIOT, LOOK AT IT!





THE MEN REMOVED THEIR HELMETS. DARKNESS CLOSED IN ON THE SHIP AS WITHOUT POWER THE LIGHTS FADED, LEAVING ONLY THE FLUORESCENT GLOW OF THE SPACE SUITS...

HERE'S YOUR INTELLIGENT CREATURE NOW...

**DUST! ASHES!**  
WE BEAT IT,  
ELLIOT!

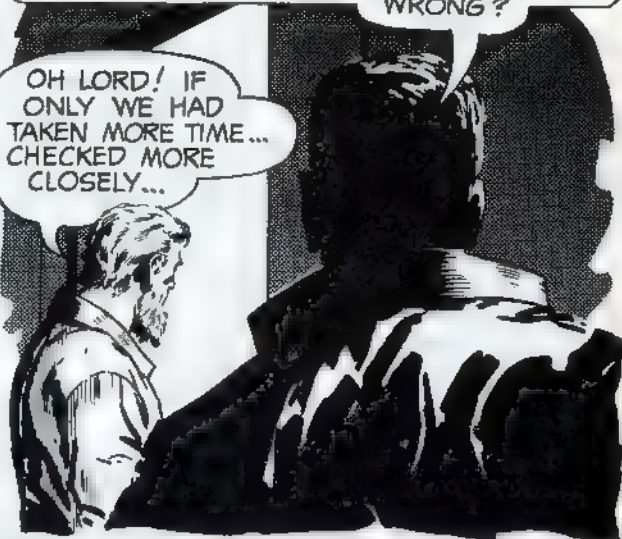
COST US  
A LOT, CAPTAIN... WE WERE  
LUCKY! LET'S GET TO  
THE LABORATORY HOLD.  
IT HAD ITS OWN GENER-  
ATOR!



THE HATCH WAS OPEN. ELLIOT REACHED IT FIRST... AND WISHED HE NEVER HAD. SUDDENLY HE KNEW THE CREATURE HADN'T MET THE SHIP BY ACCIDENT... IT HAD BEEN DRAWN! DRAWN BY SOMETHING IT NEEDED... DRAWN BY THE **LIFE** ABOARD!

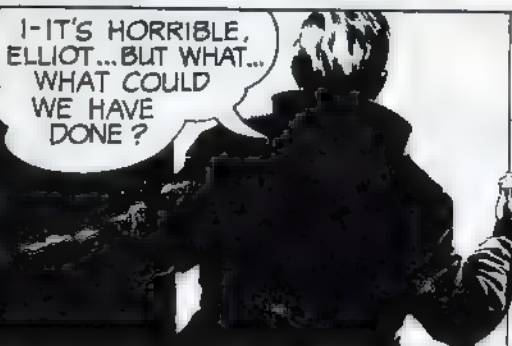
ELLIOT! WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT'S  
WRONG?

OH LORD! IF  
ONLY WE HAD  
TAKEN MORE TIME...  
CHECKED MORE  
CLOSELY...

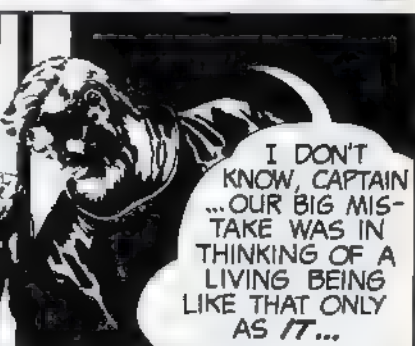


CAST INTO SPACE BY A  
DYING PLANET, THE  
CREATURE HAD BEEN  
DRAWN BY INSTINCT TO  
THE NEAREST LIFE...  
LIFE THAT WOULD BE  
VITALLY IMPORTANT TO  
IT AS ... **FOOD!**

I-IT'S HORRIBLE,  
ELLIOT... BUT WHAT...  
WHAT COULD  
WE HAVE  
DONE?



I DON'T  
KNOW, CAPTAIN  
...OUR BIG MIS-  
TAKE WAS IN  
THINKING OF A  
LIVING BEING  
LIKE THAT ONLY  
AS **IT...**



THERE WAS LIGHT IN THE LABORATORY HOLD, ILLUMINATING THE FULL SCENE OF CARNAGE AND HORROR... ILLUMINATING THE TERRIFYING FIGURES THAT SHUFFLED TOWARD DURWARD AND ELLIOT... FIGURES NOT AS LARGE AS THE CREATURE JUST KILLED, YET, BUT LARGE ENOUGH TO INDICATE THEIR GROWTH RATE WAS **INCREDIBLY FAST!**

...INSTEAD OF **HER!!**



PERSONALLY I THINK THE  
LITTLE DEVILS ARE SORT  
OF CUTE, BUT I SUPPOSE  
DURWARD HAS RUN OUT  
OF **ENERGY** FOR HAND-  
LING THAT SORT OF  
**THING!** THEIR MOTHER  
CERTAINLY LEFT THEM WELL  
PROVIDED FOR... AND SO  
YOU DON'T FEEL LEFT  
OUT, I'LL PROVIDE YOU  
WITH ANOTHER **SCREAM  
STORY!**





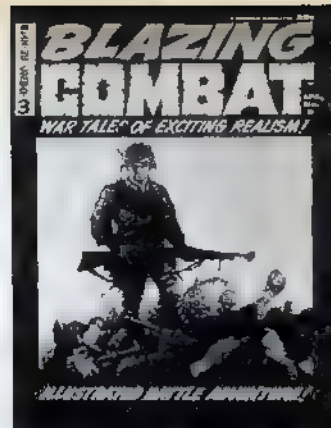


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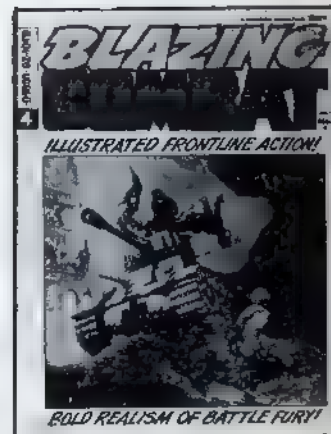


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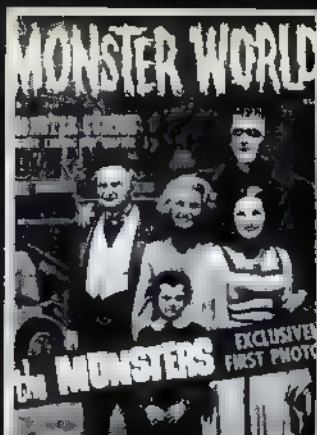
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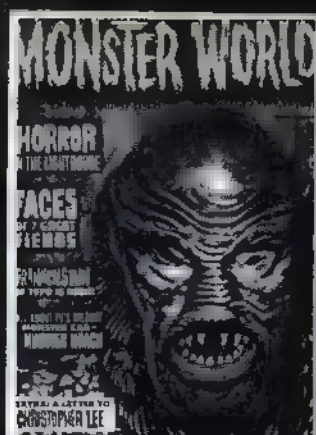
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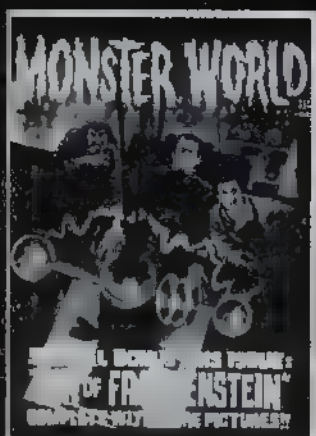
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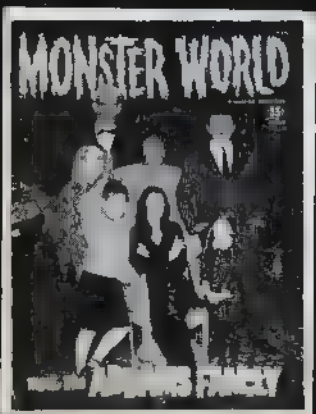
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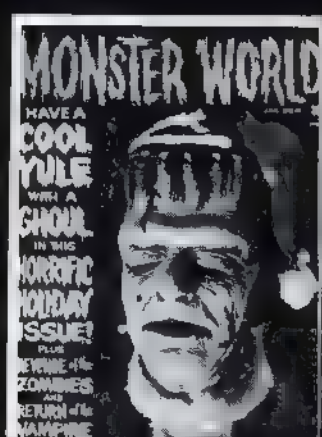
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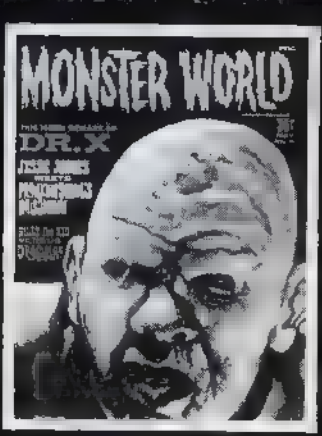
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LOOKING A LITTLE PALE FROM MY LAST BIT OF NAUSEOUS NONSENSE, EH? WHAT YOU NEED IS A CHANGE OF CLIMATE, SO I'LL GIVE YOU A BIT OF TERROR IN THE TROPICS! RELAX...THAT STEADY THROB YOU HEAR ISN'T YOUR POUNDING HEART, IT'S THE CHILLING BEAT OF THE...

# VOODOO DRUM!



NOW, OF COURSE, WHEN ONE THINKS OF JAMAICA, IT IS TO ENVISION WHITE, SANDY BEACHES, SPARKLING BLUE OCEAN, A HAPPY CALYPSO RHYTHM...RIGHTLY SO, I HOPE. YET IT IS FOREIGN TO MY OWN EXPERIENCES SOME YEARS AGO. MY JAMAICA WAS ONE OF INLAND PLANTATIONS IN THE SHADOW OF THE STILL UNEXPLORED COCKPIT COUNTRY, WHERE **OBEAHISM**, THE LOCAL FORM OF VODOO, WAS NEITHER JOKE NOR VAGUE RUMOR, AND NIGHTFALL SOMETIMES WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A STEADY DRUMBEAT AS BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, FRIGHTENED VOICES WHISPERED "**ZOMBIE!**"

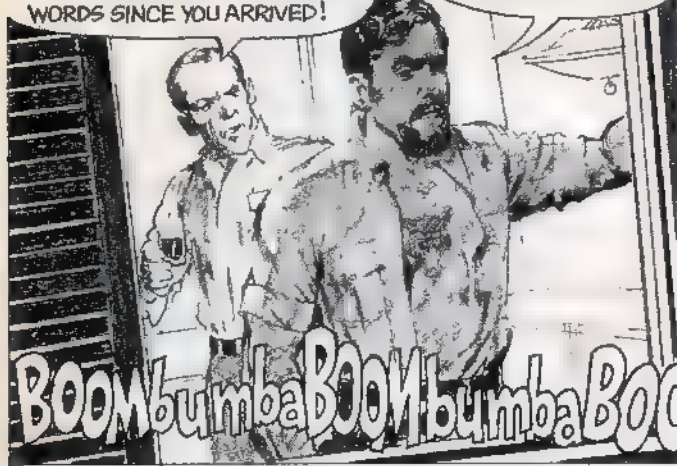




BUT MOSTLY, TO THINK OF JAMAICA, IS FOR ME TO REMEMBER CLEGG GILMAN, AND THE UNPLEASANTNESS INVOLVING HIM...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, GILMAN, COME AWAY FROM THE WINDOW! YOU CAME OVER BECAUSE YOU WANTED COMPANY ...YOU'VE HARDLY SAID THREE WORDS SINCE YOU ARRIVED!

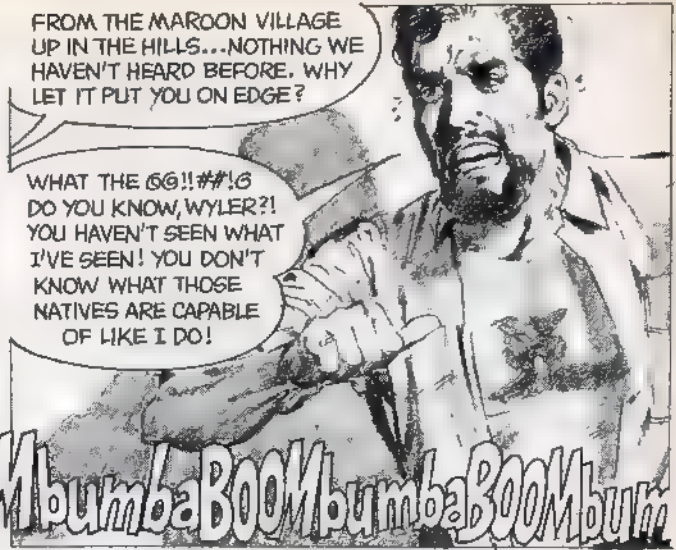
IT'S THE BLASTED HEAT! AND THOSE DRUMS...THOSE @#!@#! DRUMS!!



GILMAN WAS NOT A LIKEABLE MAN, CRUDE AND ILL-TEMPERED, BUT HE WAS MY NEIGHBOR, AND, IN THE ISOLATION OF PLANTATION LIFE, TO BE TOLERATED...

FROM THE MAROON VILLAGE UP IN THE HILLS...NOTHING WE HAVEN'T HEARD BEFORE. WHY LET IT PUT YOU ON EDGE?

WHAT THE @#!@#! DO YOU KNOW, WYLER?! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN WHAT I'VE SEEN! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THOSE NATIVES ARE CAPABLE OF LIKE I DO!



I KNOW THE MAROONS ARE FINE IF LEFT ALONE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, GILMAN? WHAT HAVEN'T YOU TOLD ME?

SHUT UP! LISTEN! THE DRUMS HAVE STOPPED...



WHAT THE DEVIL! THAT CAME FROM THE VERANDA...

OH, GOD! I THOUGHT IF I STAYED AWAY FROM MY PLACE THEY COULDN'T FIND ME...I THOUGHT...

GILMAN MUTTERED MORE TO HIMSELF THAN TO ME. UNTHINKINGLY, I ADVANCED TOWARD THE SOUND. PERHAPS OUT OF FEAR OF BEING ALONE, GILMAN MOVED AT MY SIDE, STILL MUMBLING TO HIMSELF...



GOOD LORD!

A WRAITH OF FETID AIR SEEMED TO HANG OVER THE SILENT FIGURES AS THEY SHUFFLED FORWARD, COLD AND EMOTIONLESS, YET, SOMEHOW, GRIMLY DETERMINED...

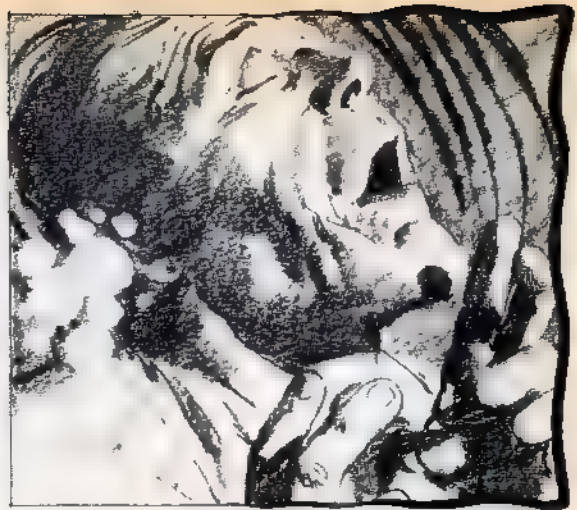






PISTOL HAD NO EFFECT! PERHAPS IF I CAN GET TO THE RIFLE...

EEEEEEEEEE-YAHHHHHHHH!



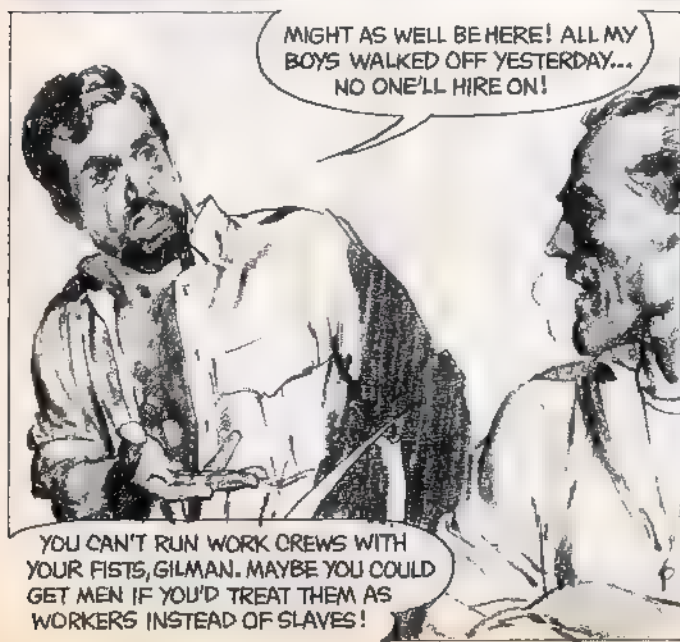
MY FINGERS, DAMP AND SLIPPERY WITH THE COLD SWEAT OF FEAR, FUMBLING AND STRAINED TO GRASP THE STOCK OF MY HUNTING RIFLE WHEN SOMETHING SLAMMED INTO THE BACK OF MY HEAD AND OBLIVION SLIPPED OVER MY BODY LIKE A VAST DARK COLOR...

LATER, AT THE END OF THE WHOLE ORDEAL, I WAS ABLE TO PIECE TOGETHER THE ENTIRE STORY WHICH BEGAN, AS IT WAS TO END, WITH CLEGG GILMAN.

...THIS ONE I GOT IN MANILA. BUT THE ONE ON MY CHEST, THAT'S THE BEST...GOT IT IN SHANGHAI! TOOK THREE HOURS UNDER THE NEEDLE... LOTTA GUYS WOULD'VE FAINTED BUT I...

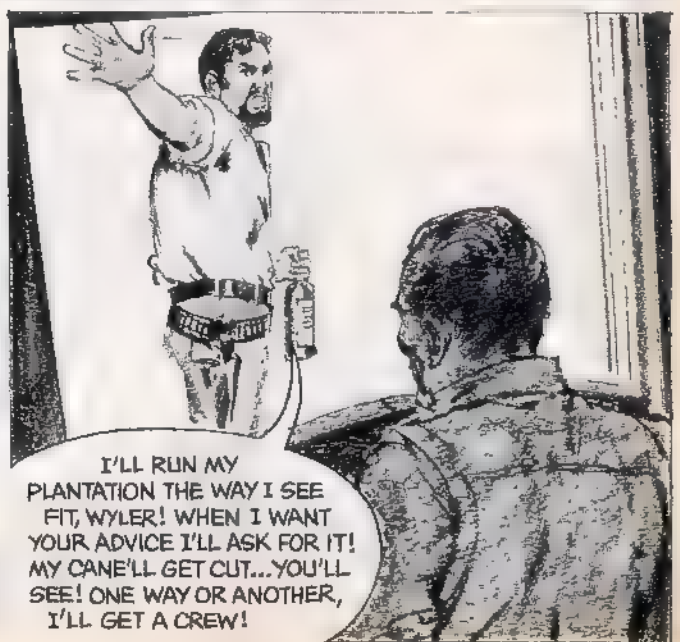


YOU HAVE TIME TO BE HERE, GILMAN? I SAW YOUR FIELD COMING IN...CANE'LL ROT IF IT'S NOT CUT SOON...



MIGHT AS WELL BE HERE! ALL MY BOYS WALKED OFF YESTERDAY... NO ONE'LL HIRE ON!

YOU CAN'T RUN WORK CREWS WITH YOUR FISTS, GILMAN. MAYBE YOU COULD GET MEN IF YOU'D TREAT THEM AS WORKERS INSTEAD OF SLAVES!



I'LL RUN MY PLANTATION THE WAY I SEE FIT, WYLER! WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL ASK FOR IT! MY CANE'LL GET CUT...YOU'LL SEE! ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'LL GET A CREW!



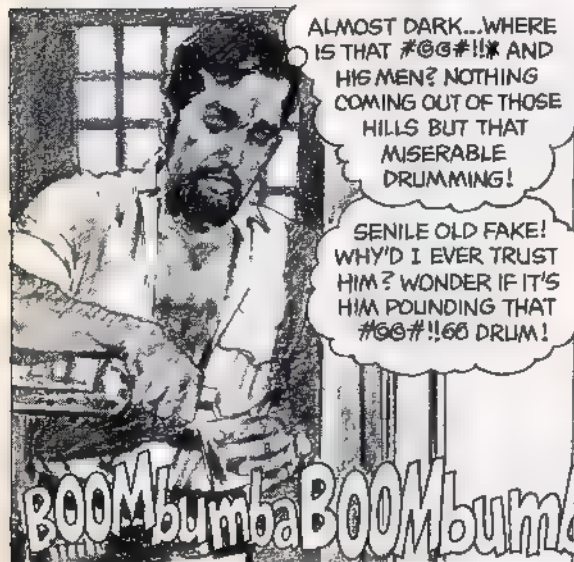
THE WORD WAS OUT ON GILMAN. NO ONE WOULD HIRE ON WITH HIM. DESPERATION DROVE HIM INTO THE HILLS, TO THE MAROONS AND AN OLD OBEAHMAN CALLED THE DOCTOR...



MAROONS ARE PROUD AND INDEPENDENT, WITH LITTLE TO DO WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD. STILL, THE DOCTOR'S WILLINGNESS TO AID GILMAN AROUSED NO SUSPICIONS IN THE ANXIOUS PLANTER...



BUT BY DUSK THE NEXT EVENING, AN UNEASINESS GRIPPED GILMAN. HE BECAME UNSURE, ANNOYED...



THE SILENCE LEFT BY THE CESSATION OF THE DRUMS BECAME A GREAT VACUUM TO GILMAN'S STILL RINGING EARS, YAWNING LIKE A GREAT CHASM, PULLING HIM NEARER AND NEARER ITS EDGE. THEN, OUTSIDE, THERE WAS THE LIGHT SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL. GILMAN RUSHED TO THE PORCH...





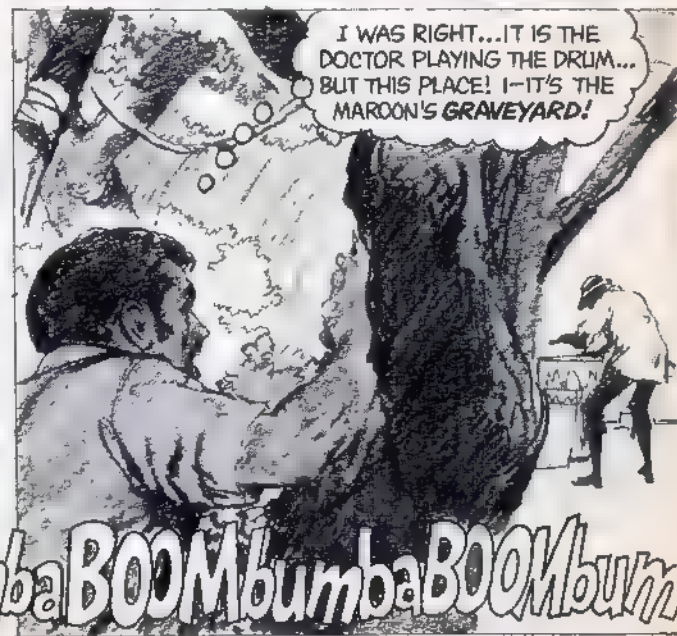
GILMAN COULD NOT SPEAK, HIS THROAT WAS TIGHT AND PARCHED. HE COULD ONLY WATCH AS THE STRANGE GATHERING BEGAN TO WORK WITHOUT A SOUND, NEITHER SPEECH NOR MOVEMENT BREAKING THE TERRIBLE, UNNATURAL SILENCE OVER THE MOONLIT CANEBRAKE...



THEY WORKED THROUGH THE NIGHT WITHOUT STOPPING OR RESTING UNTIL THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN TURNED THE TROPICAL NIGHT INTO A SOFT GRAY FILM. THEN THEY GROUPED SILENTLY BEHIND THE OLD MAN AND WERE LED AWAY...



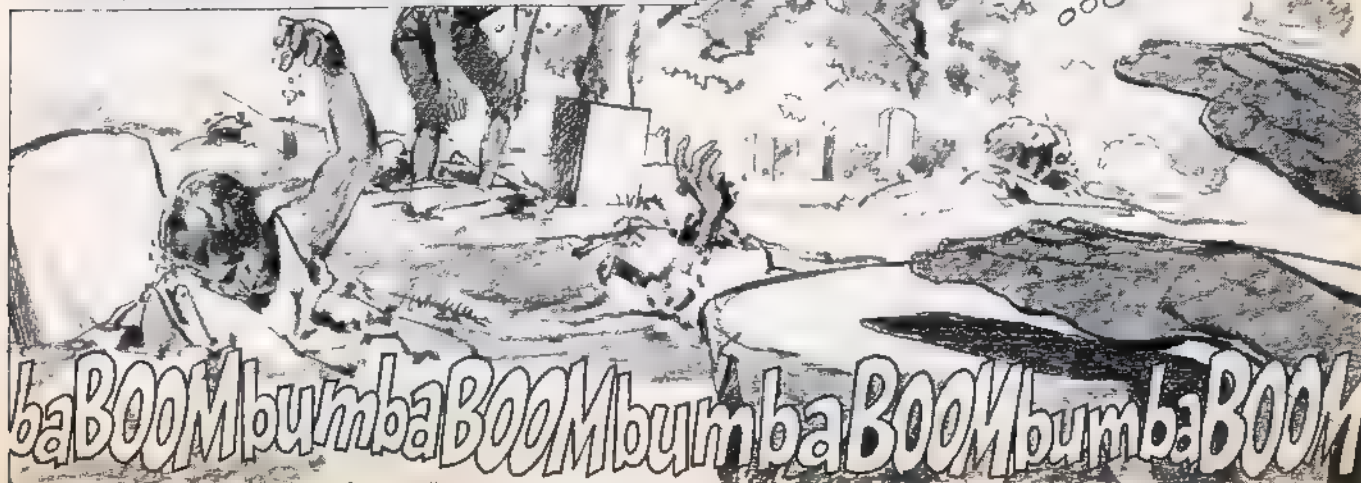
THE NEXT EVENING AS THE SUN WENT DOWN, THE DRUMMING BEGAN AGAIN. THIS TIME GILMAN DID NOT CRINGE AND PACE IN IRRITATION AT THE SOUND. AS THE DRIVING BEAT RELENTLESSLY ECHOED DOWN FROM THE HILLS, GILMAN BEGAN TO FOLLOW THE SOUND...



THE DOCTOR'S WRINKLED HANDS MOVED ACROSS THE TAUT SKIN OF THE DRUM IN THE STEADY, HAUNTING RHYTHM, HIS MOUTH MOVING WORDLESSLY AS THOUGH MOUTHING SOME FORBIDDEN OATH TOO EVIL TO BE SPOKEN ALOUD. THEN ANOTHER SOUND MOVED THROUGH THE CLEARING, THE SOUND OF EARTH BEING CLAWED AND THRUST ASIDE...

G-GOD! THE OLD MAN'S NOT A PHONY... THE VODOO'S REAL... THOSE MEN HE BRINGS ME ARE ZOMBIES!

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... BACK TO THE PLANTATION BEFORE THEY CATCH ON!

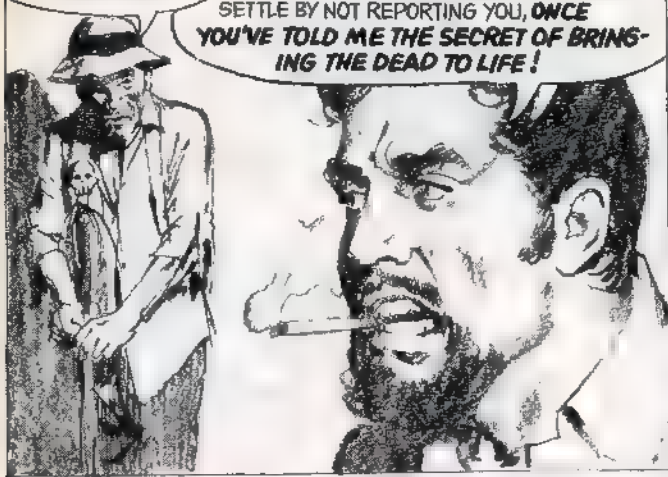




GILMAN REMAINED SILENT ABOUT WHAT HE'D SEEN AT THE MAROON GRAVEYARD, BROODING, THINKING, AND WAITING...UNTIL THE WORK WAS DONE AND THE CANE HARVESTED...

NOW, BOSS... IT'S THE TIME FOR SETTLEMENT!

IT'S ALREADY SETTLED DOCTOR! THOSE WERE ZOMBIES YOU USED... YOU KNOW VODOO'S AGAINST THE LAW. I'LL SETTLE BY NOT REPORTING YOU, **ONCE YOU'VE TOLD ME THE SECRET OF BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE!**



GILMAN HAD REASONED VERY CAREFULLY. HE IMAGINED A PLANTATION RUN FOREVER WITHOUT LABOR COSTS. USING ZOMBIES HE COULD BECOME RICH, POWERFUL, SUCCESSFUL BEYOND IMAGINING, **ONCE HE KNEW THE SECRET!**

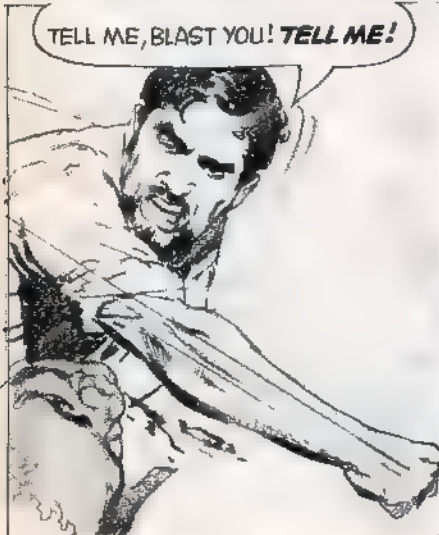
TELL ME, YOU OLD FOOL! THERE'S SOME KIND OF CHANT, INCANTATION, SPECIAL CEREMONY... **TELL ME! TELL BEFORE I BEAT IT OUT OF YOU!**

**NO! IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO KNOW! THE SECRET IS MINE!**

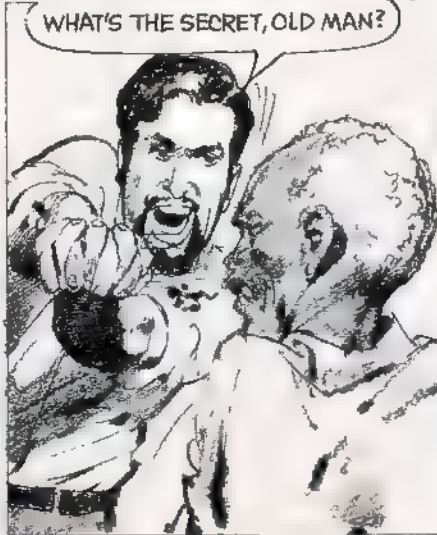


RAGE FLOODED THROUGH GILMAN, TERRIBLE AND UNCONTROLLABLE...ANGER THAT ONLY THIS SPINDLY OLD MAN STOOD BETWEEN HIM AND THE ANSWER. HE STRUCK THE DOCTOR. ONCE. THEN TWICE. THEN AGAIN AND AGAIN. YELLING AND PUMMELING, HIS LEATHER-HARD FISTS SMASHING AND TEARING INTO SOFT MUSCLE AND CARTILAGE...

TELL ME, BLAST YOU! **TELL ME!**



WHAT'S THE SECRET, OLD MAN?



**WHAT...IS...IT?!!**



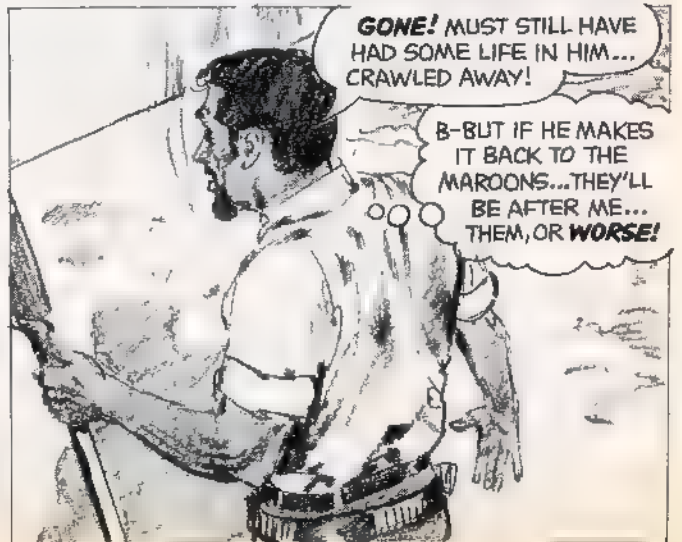
UNTIL FINALLY, THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE...

**NOW** WILL YOU TELL ME, DOCTOR? **DOCTOR?** WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK...OH, LORD! LOOKS LIKE HE'S... HE'S **DEAD!**



GILMAN BACKED AWAY IN HORROR FROM THE GROTESQUELY SPRAWLED OBEAHMAN, THEN RAN TO THE PLANTATION FOR TOOLS, HIS ONLY THOUGHT BEING TO GET RID OF THE BODY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

**GONE!** MUST STILL HAVE HAD SOME LIFE IN HIM... CRAWLED AWAY!



B-BUT IF HE MAKES IT BACK TO THE MAROONS...THEY'LL BE AFTER ME... THEM, OR **WORSE!**



SO, CLEGG GILMAN HAD FLED TO MY PLANTATION, BRINGING THE WRATH OF VODOO INTO MY HOME. BUT AT THE TIME, I KNEW ONLY THAT WE'D BEEN ASSAILED BY THINGS TERRIBLE AND UNNATURAL...

GILMAN? **GILMAN!**  
GONE...THOSE T-THINGS  
TOOK HIM AWAY...



FAINTLY, FAR IN THE DISTANCE, UP IN THE HILLS, A SOUND DRIFTED DOWN TO ME. THE HORROR INSPIRING CRY OF A PERSON IN MORTAL AGONY! GRABBING THE RIFLE, I PLUNGED OUT OF THE HOUSE INTO THE DARKNESS...

IT'S GILMAN! I SWEAR  
IT'S GILMAN'S VOICE!



I AM NOT AN OVERLY IMAGINATIVE MAN. PERHAPS IT IS JUST AS WELL. IF MY MIND HAD INSPIRED IMAGES TO ACCOMPANY THE SCREAMS FILTERING THROUGH THE NIGHT TO ME, I MIGHT HAVE GONE MAD!



AS LONG AS  
I HEAR THE SOUND  
I KNOW HE'S STILL  
ALIVE...I MAY YET  
REACH HIM IN  
TI...

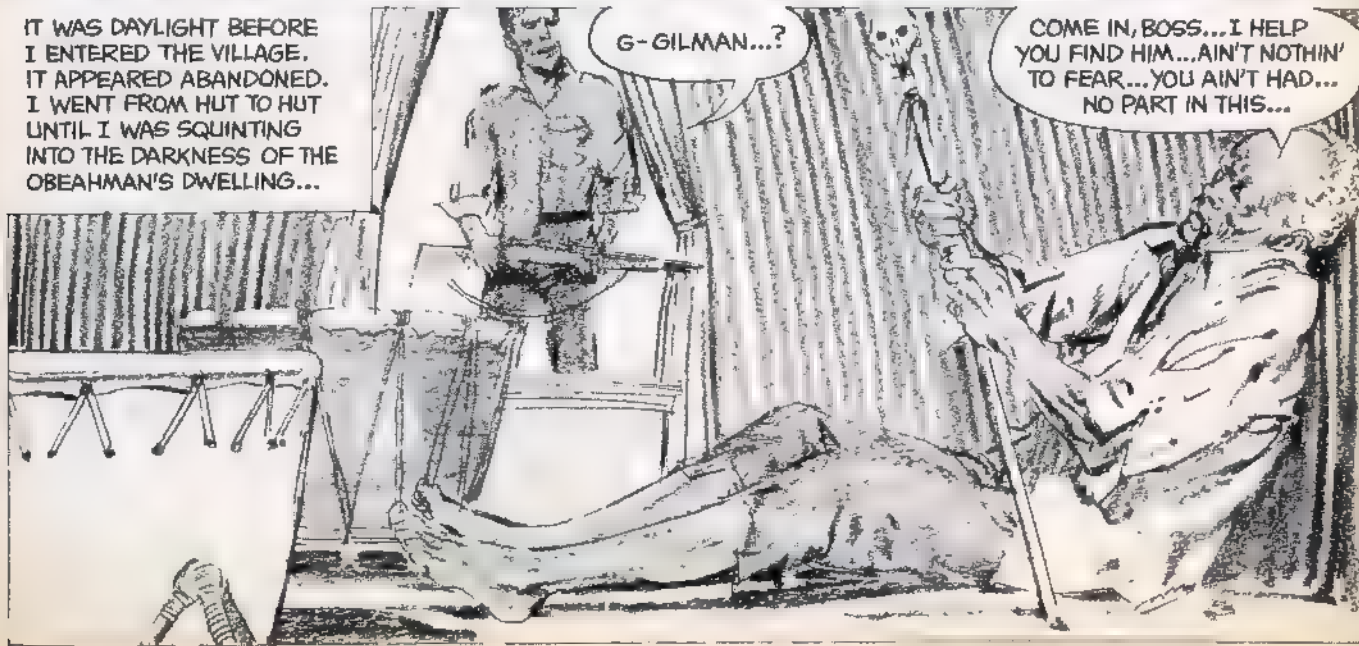


THEY'VE STOPPED!

IT WAS DAYLIGHT BEFORE I ENTERED THE VILLAGE. IT APPEARED ABANDONED. I WENT FROM HUT TO HUT UNTIL I WAS SQUINTING INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE OBEAHMAN'S DWELLING...

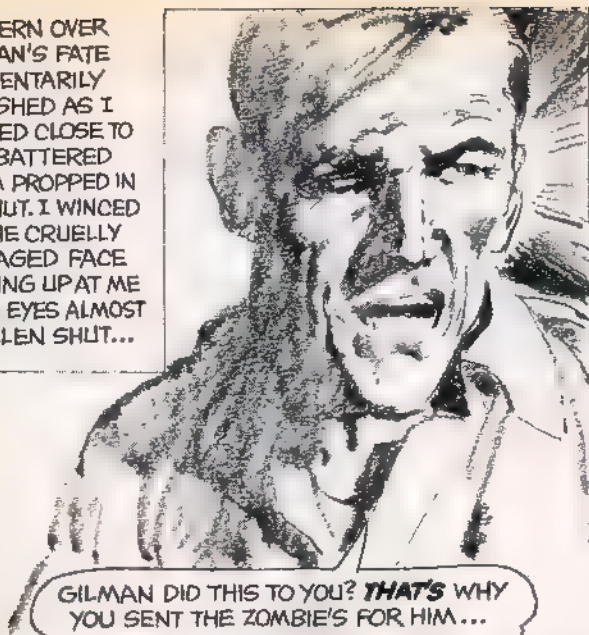
G-GILMAN...?

COME IN, BOSS...I HELP  
YOU FIND HIM...AIN'T NOTHIN'  
TO FEAR...YOU AIN'T HAD...  
NO PART IN THIS...





CONCERN OVER GILMAN'S FATE MOMENTARILY VANISHED AS I LEANED CLOSE TO THE BATTERED FORM PROPPED IN THE HUT. I WINCED AT THE CRUELY DAMAGED FACE LOOKING UP AT ME FROM EYES ALMOST SWOLLEN SHUT...



GILMAN DID THIS TO YOU? **THAT'S** WHY YOU SENT THE ZOMBIE'S FOR HIM...

THE OLD MAN'S SPEECH WAS A WHISPERING RATTLE. HE HAD NOT LONG TO LIVE...

THEY FETCHED HIM TO ME...SO OL' DOCTOR COULD GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTED...



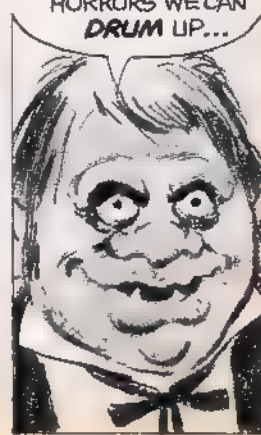
H-HE WANTED TO KNOW THE SECRET, BOSS...THE VOODOO SECRET...HOW TO RAISE THE DEAD ZOMBIE...

AIN'T MUCH TO THE SECRET, BOSS... THE DRUM IS THE SECRET...THE VOODOO DRUM HAS THE POWER...THAT'S CAUSE HOW IT'S MADE...IT'S MADE A VERY SPECIAL WAY...



AND OL' MR. GILMAN, BOSS...**HE'S LEARNED ALL ABOUT IT NOW!**

WELL, CAN YOU **BEAT** THAT, FEAR FANG! THOSE ZOMBIES MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED GILMAN OUT OF HIS SKIN! NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT OTHER HORRORS WE CAN **DRUM UP...**







## THE WERE-WOLF

A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified tatters in the body of a bloodthirsty beast. Right before your horror-struck eyes! Only \$5.95.



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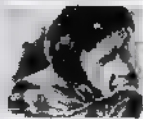
## FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP . . . Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch the world's earliest adversaries fight it out for the world's Monster Championship. Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75



## I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

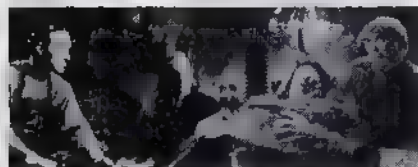
FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of light and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, \$5.95; Technicolor, \$12.95.



## THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghastly gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.

## SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

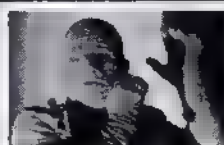


In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only \$5.95.



## KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-draary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



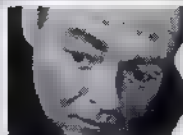
## THE VAMPIRE BAT

Most famous and ORIGINAL VAMPIRE film, starring Lionel Atwill, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Wray and Dwight Frye. Full of Vampires, weird characters, mad scientists, etc. A super-shocker. Full 200 feet, 8mm, \$4.95.



## THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95



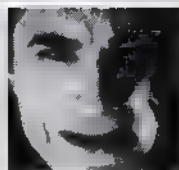
## THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



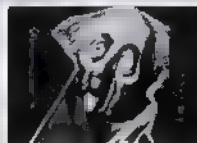
## TERROR OF DRACULA

Original 1922 version. Full 400 foot version, full of terror, torment and sensational shock. A must for the horror film collector. Half-hour running time. 8mm, \$9.95.



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Original Edgar Wallace version, terrifying and chilling. Promises to haunt you again and again; a real shaker for friends you ask to see it. Full 400 feet, 8mm, \$10.95.

## LON CHANEY AS THE PHANTOM of the OPERA



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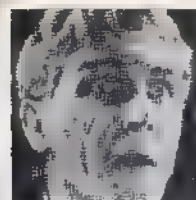
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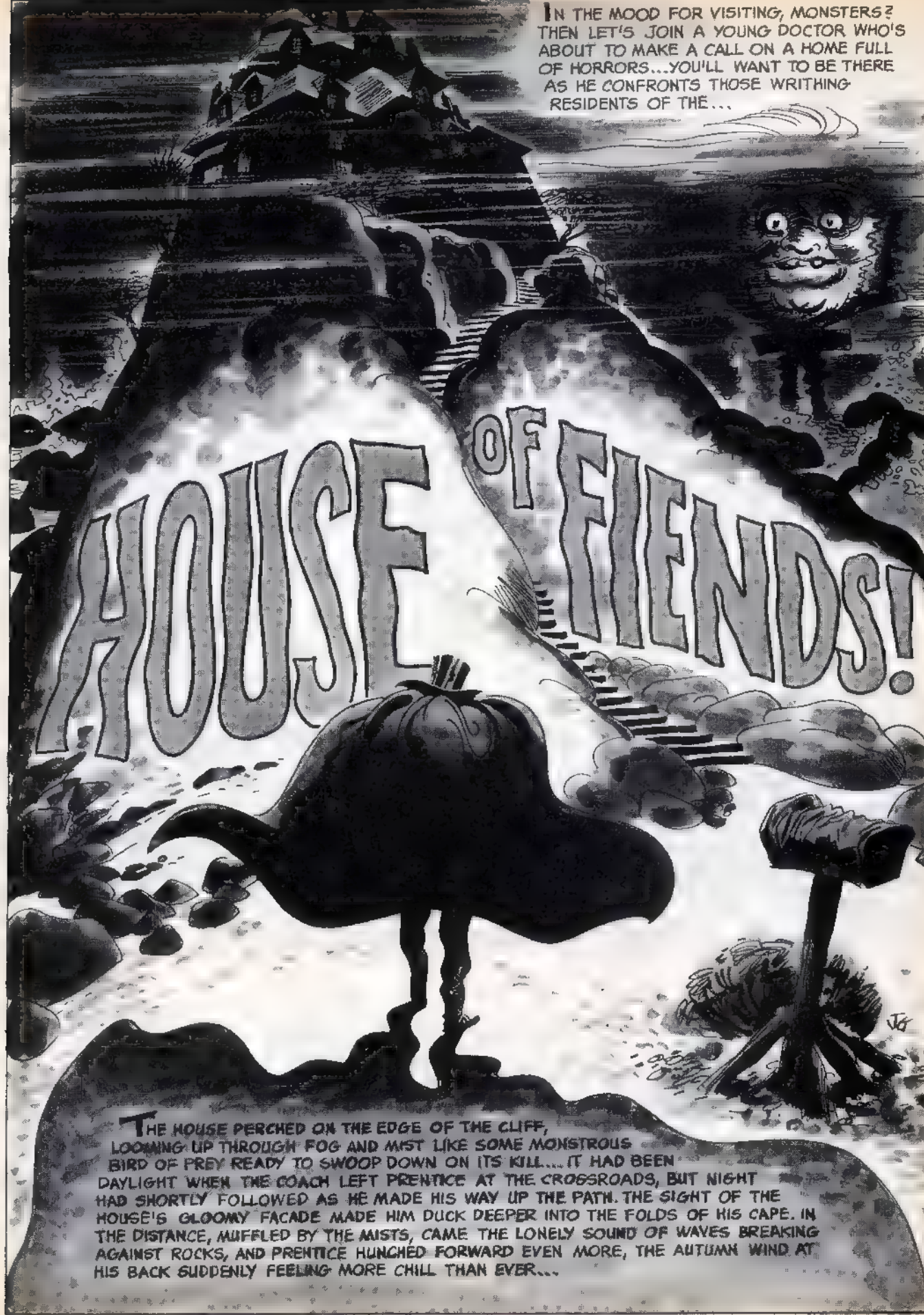
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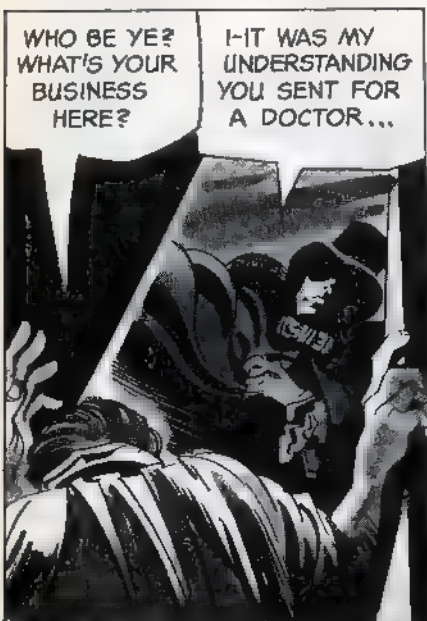
IN THE MOOD FOR VISITING, MONSTERS?  
THEN LET'S JOIN A YOUNG DOCTOR WHO'S  
ABOUT TO MAKE A CALL ON A HOME FULL  
OF HORRORS...YOU'LL WANT TO BE THERE  
AS HE CONFRONTS THOSE WRITHING  
RESIDENTS OF THE...

# HOUSE OF FRIENDS!

THE HOUSE PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF,  
LOOKING UP THROUGH FOG AND MIST LIKE SOME MONSTROUS  
BIRD OF PREY READY TO SWOOP DOWN ON ITS KILL... IT HAD BEEN  
DAYLIGHT WHEN THE COACH LEFT PRENTICE AT THE CROSSROADS, BUT NIGHT  
HAD SHORTLY FOLLOWED AS HE MADE HIS WAY UP THE PATH. THE SIGHT OF THE  
HOUSE'S GLOOMY FACADE MADE HIM DUCK DEEPER INTO THE FOLDS OF HIS CAPE. IN  
THE DISTANCE, MUFFLED BY THE MISTS, CAME THE LONELY SOUND OF WAVES BREAKING  
AGAINST ROCKS, AND PRENTICE HUNCHED FORWARD EVEN MORE, THE AUTUMN WIND AT  
HIS BACK SUDDENLY FEELING MORE CHILL THAN EVER...



HE RAPPED AT THE DOOR FOR SOMETIME BEFORE, WITH A MOURNFUL CREAK OF RUSTING HINGES, IT OPENED A CRACK AND A GLITTERING EYE VIEWED HIM SUSPICIOUSLY FROM THE GLOOM WITHIN...



WHO BE YE?  
WHAT'S YOUR  
BUSINESS  
HERE?

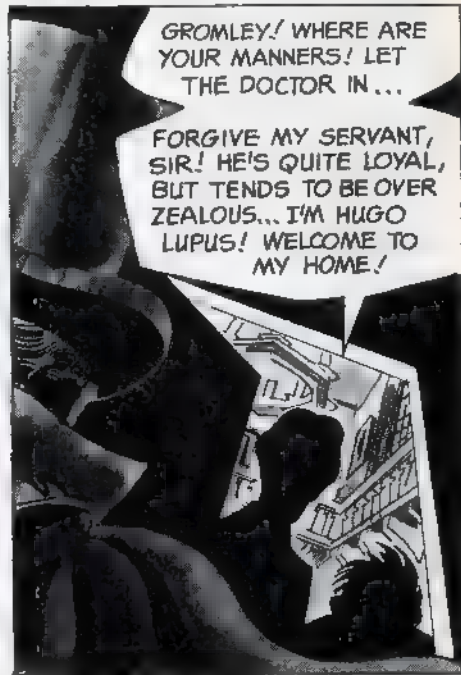
I-IT WAS MY  
UNDERSTANDING  
YOU SENT FOR  
A DOCTOR...

YE AIN'T  
THE  
DOCTOR!  
DOCTOR'S  
AN OLDER  
MAN! FAT...



THAT'S DR. ALDRICH.  
SINCE HIS  
DISAPPEARANCE  
... I'VE BEEN  
ASSIGNED TO  
TAKE OVER HIS  
CASES... I'M DR.  
PRENTICE. PLEASE,  
I'VE COME ALL  
THIS WAY, WON'T  
YOU...

THERE WAS THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS BEHIND THE UNYIELDING GLARE OF THE GROTESQUE LITTLE FACE. THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN WIDE...



GROMLEY! WHERE ARE  
YOUR MANNERS! LET  
THE DOCTOR IN...

FORGIVE MY SERVANT,  
SIR! HE'S QUITE LOYAL,  
BUT TENDS TO BE OVER  
ZEALOUS... I'M HUGO  
LUPUS! WELCOME TO  
MY HOME!

WITHIN THE SHADOWED LUXURY OF THE ENTRANCE HALL, A WOMAN OF BEAUTIFUL BUT ICY COUNTENANCE WAS PRESENTED TO PRENTICE. LUPUS'S WIFE, CAMILLA...

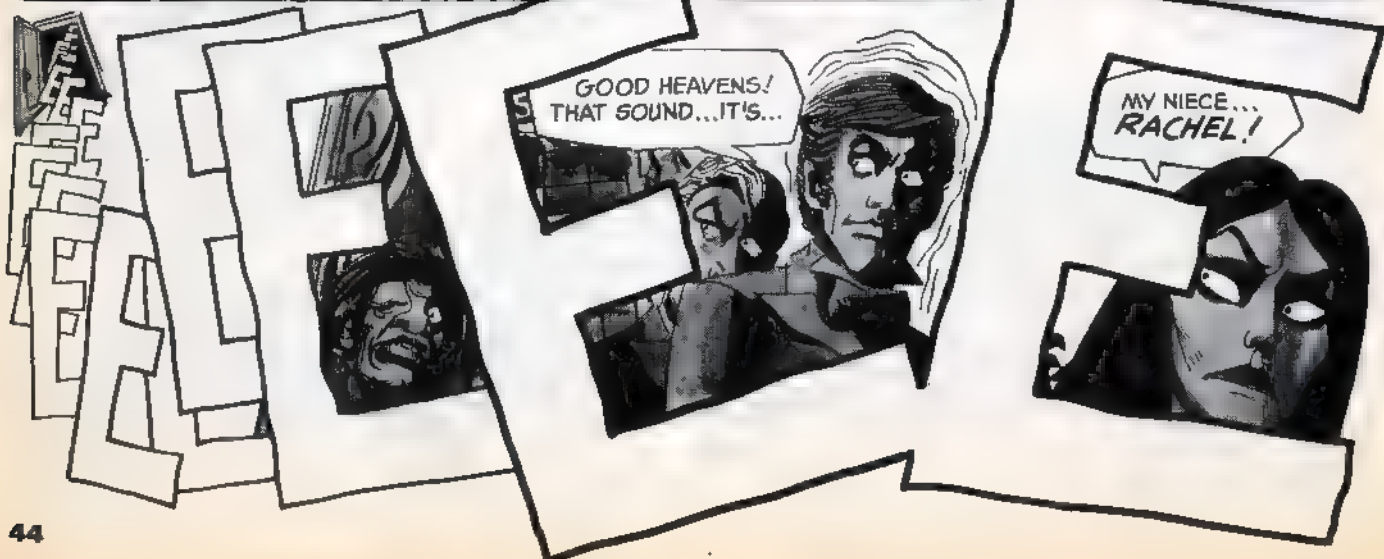
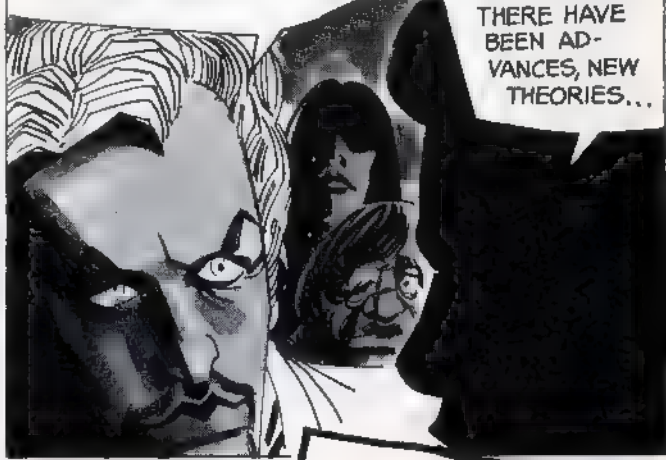
YOU ALL SEEM IN EXCELLENT HEALTH  
... I HAD NO OPPORTUNITY TO FAMILIAR-  
IZE MYSELF WITH DR. ALDRICH'S RECORDS  
... IS THERE SOMEONE ELSE?

MY NIECE...  
RACHEL!  
SHE...  
SHE'S NOT  
LIKE THE REST  
OF US!



THE GIRL IS *INSANE*, DR. PRENTICE!  
IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION FOR  
THE THINGS SHE SAYS, DOES...  
**MADNESS!**

IT MAY NOT  
BE SO  
TERRIBLE AS  
YOU THINK,  
MR. LUPUS...  
THERE HAVE  
BEEN AD-  
VANCES, NEW  
THEORIES...



GOOD HEAVENS!  
THAT SOUND... IT'S...

MY NIECE...  
**RACHEL!**



WE KEEP RACHEL  
IN THE TOWER  
ROOM. IT'S BEST  
THAT WAY. SHE  
CAN'T INTERFERE  
WITH OUR REGULAR  
ROUTINE...

SOUNDS HARSH,  
MR. LUPUS.  
THESE CASES  
REQUIRE  
SYMPATHY,  
UNDERSTANDING...

HUGO LUPUS TURNED TO PRENTICE AS HE UNLOCKED  
A MASSIVE DOOR, HIS FACE CLOUDED AND GLOOMY,  
A HINT OF ANGER IN THE DARK EYES PEERING OUT  
FROM UNDER HIS HEAVY BROW...

THE GIRL IS *MAD*, DOCTOR! SHE CANNOT ADJUST TO OUR  
WAY OF LIFE... WE'VE LOST PATIENCE! SUCH INSANITY IS A  
*DISEASE!* AN EVIL DISEASE OF THE SPIRIT... WE  
INTEND TO HAVE HER *COMMITTED*, PUT WHERE  
SHE CAN'T BOTHER US!...

BUT... SEE FOR YOURSELF!

G-GOOD  
LORD!

THIS IS BARBARIC! SMALL WONDER  
IF THE GIRL SUFFERS ANY DISORDER!  
**GET OUT! LEAVE US ALONE!**  
PERHAPS THEN AN *ACCURATE*  
EXAMINATION CAN BE CONDUCTED!

YOU'RE YOUNG,  
DR. PRENTICE  
... RASH! I'LL  
HUMOR YOU,  
BUT REMEMBER...  
SHE'S *INSANE!* DON'T  
BELIEVE A WORD  
SHE SAYS...

LUPUS SET DOWN THE LIGHT AND CLOSED THE  
HEAVY DOOR BEHIND HIM. ONLY THEN DID PRENTICE  
TURN TO THE CHAINED FIGURE HUDDLED PITIFULLY  
AGAINST THE WALL...

RACHEL?... DON'T BE  
AFRAID! I WON'T HURT  
YOU... I'M YOUR FRIEND...  
I WANT TO HELP...

YOU'D BETTER GET  
OUT OF HERE...  
THEY'RE GOING TO  
KILL YOU...



PRENTICE TOOK THE TREMBLING FACE IN HIS HANDS, BRUSHING AWAY STRANDS OF GOLDEN HAIR. THE EYES OFTEN SPOKE FIRST OF MADNESS, BUT THESE FRIGHTENED ORBS WERE NOT GLAZED OR DULL...THEY QUESTIONED, BUT INTENTLY, AS THOUGH REACHING INTO HIS VERY SOUL...

KILL ME? WHY SHOULD THEY DO THAT, RACHEL? THEY'RE THE ONES WHO SENT FOR ME...

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL YOU... JUST LIKE THEY DID DR. ALDRICH! I'M NOT CRAZY, IT'S TRUE! I'M USED AS BAIT TO LURE YOU HERE!

RACHEL, IF I'M TO HELP YOU, YOU MUST COOPERATE...THERE'S NO EARTHLY REASON WHY THEY...

BECAUSE THEY'RE **MONSTERS!** HUGO IS A **WEREWOLF**, CAMILLA A **VAMPIRE**, AND GROMLEY IS A **GHOUL**... THEY NEED VICTIMS, **HUMAN VICTIMS!** AND YOU'LL BE THE NEXT IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!

BUT THAT'S INCREDIBLE, IT'S SHEER...

**MADNESS**, DOCTOR? THAT'S WHAT THEY COUNT ON, THAT YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME UNTIL TOO LATE... I'M NOT CRAZY, **I'M NOT!** SINCE I'M A RELATIVE THEY TRY NOT TO HARM ME, JUST KEEP ME CHAINED... HELPLESS! SO I CAN BE USED...

PRENTICE'S THROAT FELT PARCHED, DRY. HER CHAINED HANDS CLASPED HIS HOTLY, HER MOIST EYES PLEADINGLY RIVETED WITH DEEPEST INTENT ON HIS OWN. HE FOUND HIMSELF ALMOST DESPERATELY WANTING TO BELIEVE THE SOBBING WORDS FROM THOSE DELICATE PALE LIPS...

**PLEASE!** YOU KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH... GET ME OUT OF HERE! SET ME FREE! PLEASE, DOCTOR, PLEASE! I'M NOT MAD, **I'M NOT!**

LISTEN, RACHEL, I... I BELIEVE IT'S WRONG THAT YOU'RE CHAINED THIS WAY... I'LL GET THE KEY FROM HUGO, BUT... BUT BEYOND THAT... I CAN'T REALLY...

YOU'LL BELIEVE ME, I **KNOW** YOU'LL BELIEVE ME!

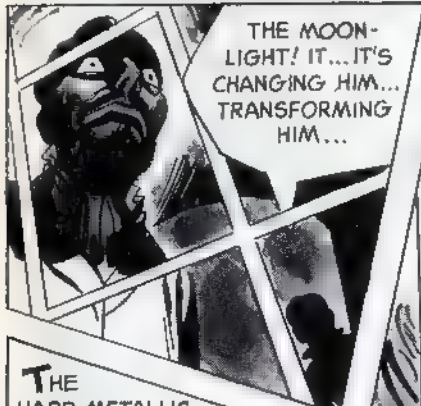
AS HE MADE HIS WAY DOWN THE LONG WINDING STAIRS FROM THE TOWER, DISAPPOINTMENT WEIGHED HEAVILY. ON PRENTICE, THE WILD ACCUSATIONS ONLY SEEMED TO PROVE WHAT HUGO LUPUS HAD INSISTED. THE SINCERITY, THE DEEP LOOKS, WERE ONLY THE CUNNING OF AN UNSTABLE MIND... THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE NOTICED THE FOG HAD LIFTED TO REVEAL A BRIGHT AUTUMN MOON...

THE FULL MOON! SUPPOSEDLY THE TIME WHEN WEREWOL--GOOD LORD! THE GIRL HAS ME RAVING NOW!



PRENTICE LOCATED LUPUS IN THE STUDY. HE STARTED TO SPEAK BEFORE ENTERING, THEN SUDDENLY HELD BACK... SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN'S ATTITUDE, HIS POSTURE...

STRANGE! HE SEEMS COMPLETELY ABSORBED, AS THOUGH HE COULDN'T TEAR HIMSELF AWAY...



THE MOON-LIGHT! IT...IT'S CHANGING HIM... TRANSFORMING HIM...



THE GIRL WAS RIGHT...



...HUGO LUPUS IS A... **A WERE-WOLF!**

THE HARD, METALLIC TASTE OF FEAR ROSE IN PRENTICE'S MOUTH. HIS KNEES GREW WEAK AND EVERY NERVE TINGLED. HE KNEW HE HAD TO GET AWAY, LEAVE THE STUDY BEFORE THAT RAGING BESTIAL THING INSIDE LAUNCHED INTO ITS TERRIBLE HUNT...

THANK GOD, I WAS WARNED! HAVE TO FIND SOMEWAY OF COMBATING THAT... T-THING! SOME WEAPON OF **SILVER**... THE KITCHEN! THERE OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING AMONG THE SILVERWARE...

MOVING AS FAST AS HE COULD WITHOUT CREATING TELL-TALE NOISE TO BETRAY HIM, PRENTICE CREPT THROUGH THE DARK, DESERTED CORRIDORS, UNTIL HIS SEARCH BROUGHT HIM TO THE KITCHEN...



**GROMLEY!** BUT WHAT'S HE DOING... WHAT'S HE GOT ON THAT TABLE...?



PRENTICE PEERED MORE CLOSELY, STUDYING THE TWISTED FORM OF THE LITTLE MAN HUNCHED OVER THE GREAT TABLE, SOMEHOW REMINDING HIM OF A TIME WHEN HE HAD SURPRISED A CAT BENT OVER A MOUSE. IT HAD KILLED...



**OH, LORD!**  
T-THAT'S A BODY!  
AND, THE CLOTHES  
... THE TYPE  
DR. ALDRICH  
WORE! THAT  
SOUND...  
GROMLEY  
MUST BE...  
MUST BE...

A WAVE OF REVULSION SWEEPED THROUGH HIS BODY LIKE A FIRE OUT OF CONTROL, KINDLING PRENTICE INTO RAGE AND ACTION!



THE DOCTOR BECAME LIKE A MAD DOG, CLINGING TENACIOUSLY TO THE SQUEALING GROMLEY AS BOTH WENT ROLLING AND SPRAWLING, SMASHING ALL ABOUT THEM... HIS FINGERS, STRONG AS STEEL FROM HOURS IN SURGERY, GRIPPING AND SQUEEZING THE NECK IN THEIR GRASP... GROMLEY CLAWED AND KICKED WITH THE VICIOUSNESS OF A TRAPPED ANIMAL, LIMBS FLOPPING FIRST THIS WAY THEN THAT... HIS MOUTH WAS OPEN, GASPING OUT TERRIBLE CURSES, REVEALING ROWS OF RAZOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH... HIS FACE FIERY RED, TURNING PURPLE...



THEN, AFTER LONG, STRAINING MOMENTS, IT ENDED...

NOW... GOT TO FIND KNIFE, SOMETHING OF SILVER... TO HANDLE HUGO...

SO DOCTOR! YOU'VE FOUND WHAT WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO HIDE... YOU KNOW WHY WE WANTED RACHEL COMMITTED...





PRENTICE SLOWLY BACKED AWAY AS CAMILLA ADVANCED, HER RED-RIMMED EYES ALIVE WITH EVIL... HIS FOOT STRUCK SOMETHING, THE WRECKAGE OF THE CHAIR HE AND GROMLEY HAD SMASHED... HIS DESPERATE FINGERS DIVED FOR THE DEBRIS AS CAMILLA'S GLISTENING FANGS DREW CLOSE

AND, WITH EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY TAUT AND STRAINING, HIS PRACTICED EYE AIMED AT THE PRECISE SPOT IN THE CHEST, PRENTICE **THRUST!**



HIS MIND WAS REELING NOW, HE FELT HOT AND FEVERISH... FATIGUE AND STRAIN SAT ON HIS BODY LIKE GREAT WEIGHTS DRAGGING AND SLOWING EVERY MOVEMENT... FIGHTING EACH STEP OF THE WAY, PRENTICE RAMPAGED THROUGH THE KITCHEN UNTIL HE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR...

CAN'T STOP NOW... NOT WHILE HUGO'S STILL LOOSE... MUST KEEP GOING...



HEART POUNDING, PRENTICE STALKED THROUGH THE DIM ROOMS AND CORRIDORS, STEELING HIMSELF THAT EACH NEW TURN MIGHT BRING HIM FACE TO FACE WITH THE WEREBEAST THAT WAS HUGO LUPUS... BUT THE HOUSE WAS DESERTED, SILENT, UNTIL...

THAT'S RACHEL!



WITH A LAST BURST OF ENERGY AND EFFORT, PRENTICE HURLED HIMSELF AT THE TOWER ROOM DOOR. IT WAS OPEN...





THERE WAS NO TIME TO SHOUT OR LEAP, CHARGE OR CRY. IT WAS DOUBTFUL HE HAD STRENGTH TO DO IT HAD THERE BEEN. IN ONE COMPLETE, DESPERATE MOTION, PRENTICE HURLED THE KNIFE, PRAYING THE SILVER SHAFT...



**WOULD STRIKE HOME!!**



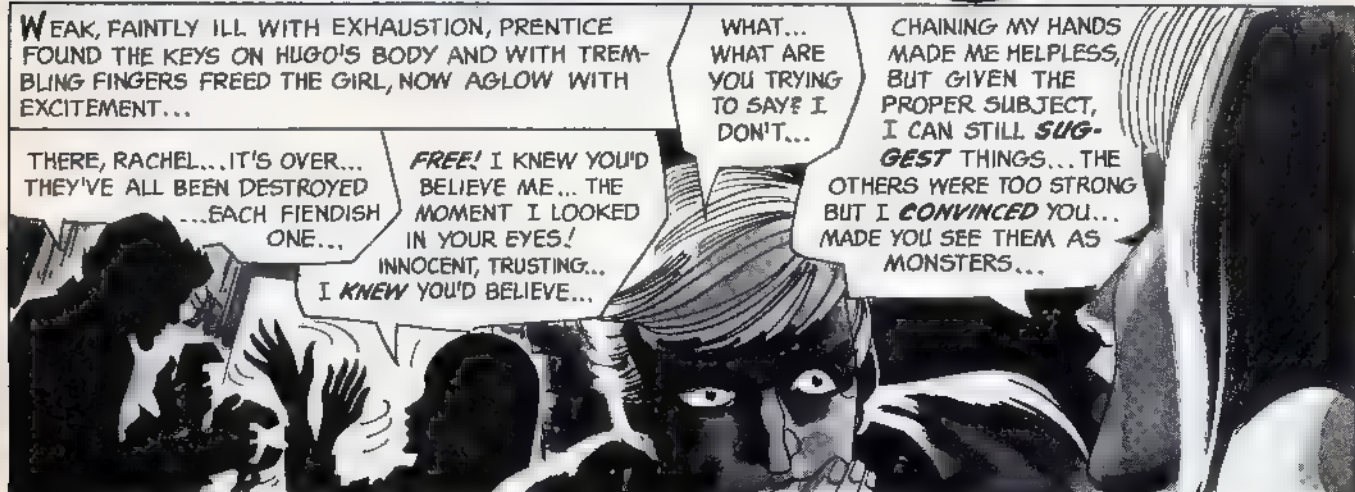
WEAK, FAINTLY ILL WITH EXHAUSTION, PRENTICE FOUND THE KEYS ON HUGO'S BODY AND WITH TREMBLING FINGERS FREED THE GIRL, NOW AGLOW WITH EXCITEMENT...

THERE, RACHEL... IT'S OVER...  
THEY'VE ALL BEEN DESTROYED  
...EACH FIENDISH  
ONE...

**FREE!** I KNEW YOU'D  
BELIEVE ME... THE  
MOMENT I LOOKED  
IN YOUR EYES!  
INNOCENT, TRUSTING...  
I **KNEW** YOU'D BELIEVE...

WHAT...  
WHAT ARE  
YOU TRYING  
TO SAY? I  
DON'T...

CHAINING MY HANDS  
MADE ME HELPLESS,  
BUT GIVEN THE  
PROPER SUBJECT,  
I CAN STILL **SUG-  
GEST** THINGS... THE  
OTHERS WERE TOO STRONG  
BUT I **CONVINCED** YOU...  
MADE YOU SEE THEM AS  
MONSTERS...



RACHEL'S FREED HANDS SEEMED DANCE THROUGH THE AIR, MAKING STRANGE MYSTICAL PASSES AND GESTURES. THE ENTIRE HOUSE GREW DARK, WINDS ROSE BREAKING WINDOWS, SWEEPING THROUGH WITH HOWLING FURY... THROUGH IT ALL RACHEL LAUGHED, LAUGHED LIKE ONE **INSANE**... INSANE WITH POWER, THE POWER OF EVIL!

NOW I'M UNSHACKLED, **FREE!**  
FREE TO CONJURE WITH MY  
FULL POWERS, FREE TO RUN  
RAMPANT AS BEFORE THEY  
CONFINED ME, FREE TO DE-  
STROY FOOLS LIKE YOU AND  
DR. ALDRICH---

---FREE TO LIVE MY LIFE  
AS A **WITCH!**

OOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE  
DOC MADE THE WRONG  
DIAGNOSES... BUT IF YOU  
THINK **HE** WAS SEEING  
MONSTERS, WAIT'LL **YOU**  
CATCH MY NEXT  
TERRIFYING TIDBIT...





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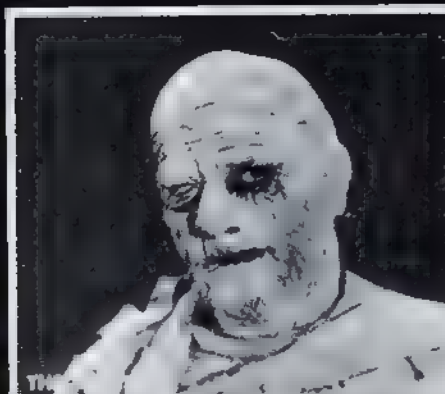
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HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME



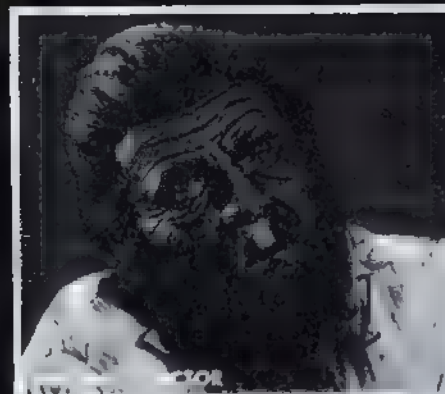
THE WOLFMAN



FRANKENSTEIN



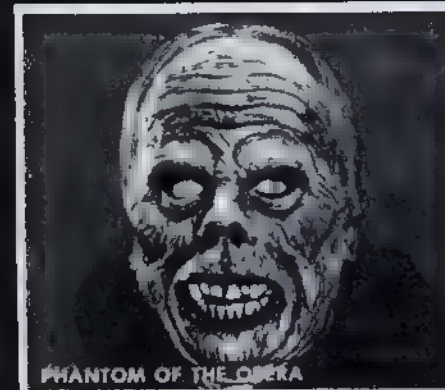
THE WOLFMAN



THE CREATURE



THE CREATURE



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



MR. HYDE

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Please rush the mask checked below. I enclose \$.....

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Shock Monster, \$1.99 | <input type="checkbox"/> Frankenstein, \$1.99    | <input type="checkbox"/> Teenage Werewolf, \$1.49. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Girl Vampire, \$1.49  | <input type="checkbox"/> Screaming Skull, \$1.49 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1-Eyed Cyclops, \$1.49    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mummy, \$1.49         | <input type="checkbox"/> Lagoon Monster, 1.99    | <input type="checkbox"/> Gorilla Monster, \$1.49   |

PLEASE ADD 25¢ for postage & handling for each mask

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YGOR



THE MUMMY



THE WOLFMAN



COUNT DRACULA



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

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| <input type="checkbox"/> THE MUMMY    | <input type="checkbox"/> PHANTOM OF THE OPERA |

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP CODE NO. ....

I Enclose \$.....



NOW, MY FINE FEATHERED FRIENDS, WE OOZE INTO SOME ORNITHOLOGY WITH THIS STARTLING STUDY OF AN ACTOR WHO PLAYS AT MURDER AND FINDS IT'S...

# FOR THE BIRDS!

THE CONSTANT COOING AND FLAPPING OF WINGS SEEMED TO FILL THE SMALL CORNER OF THE PARK. FROM WHERE STANHOPE STOOD IT SEEMED EVERY PIGEON IN THE CITY MUST BE PECKING AND PRESSING IN THAT GREAT FEATHERED THROG ABOUT THE OLD MAN. A SHIVERING EARTHQUAKE OF FEATHERS THAT ERUPTED EACH TIME THE GNARLED ANCIENT HAND EMERGED FROM THE FEED SACK. THE VERY AIR SEEMED ALIVE WITH PIGEONS, THEIR SOUNDS AND SMELLS...

FILTHY BIRDS! ISN'T THERE A LAW AGAINST FEEDING THEM LIKE THAT?

WHAT'S THE HARM? IT'S THE OLD MAN'S ONLY PLEASURE IN LIFE...





ACTING IS A CRUEL PROFESSION, HEAP-  
ING GLORY AND ABUNDANCE ON SOME,  
TURNING A COLD, UNASSAILABLE BACK  
ON MANY MORE. FOR WEEKS NOW,  
STANHOPE HAD FUTILELY MADE THE  
ROUNDS, HIS ONE MEAL A DAY A HOT  
DOG IN THE PARK...

HE'S HERE  
EVERY DAY. THEM BIRDS LOVE HIM!  
OLD IVORS... QUITE A CHARACTER IN  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD! ECCENTRIC!  
A REAL RECLUSE...



EACH FRUSTRATING DAY MADE HIM MORE ANGRY,  
MORE DESPERATE. STANHOPE BELIEVED IN HIS  
TALENT. SOONER OR LATER, THE BREAK HAD TO  
COME, BUT WOULD HE LAST UNTIL IT DID? SO,  
STANHOPE WAITED. EATING HOT DOGS AND WATCHING  
THE PIGEONS...

...RETIRED BUSINESSMAN.

SUPPOSE TO HAVE A REAL BUNDLE  
TUCKED AWAY SOMEWHERE! WOULDN'T  
KNOW IT BY THE WAY HE LIVES... ALL  
ALONE! JUST HIM AND HIS  
PIGEONS!



WELL, IF OLD  
IVORS HAS MONEY,  
HE'LL DIE WITH IT...  
PIGEON FEED'S ALL IT'S  
GETTING SPENT FOR!

AGAIN AND  
AGAIN THE RUSTLE  
OF THE PAPER SACK  
ALERTED THE COOING  
MILLING FLOCK. THEY  
SURGED CLOSER AND  
CLOSER, FEARLESS  
IN THEIR GREED.  
HOPPING ONTO THE  
WHEELCHAIR, THE  
ARMS, THE SHOULDERS  
OF THEIR WIZEN  
BENEFACTOR...



EACH  
SOUND OF  
THE THROWN GRAIN

SPATTERING ON THE  
ASPHALT WALK RANKLED  
STANHOPE, AS THOUGH IT WERE  
MONEY VANISHING INTO THE DARTING BEAKS...

MISERABLE BIRDS! SO MANY PEOPLE WHO  
COULD USE HIS DOUGH AND ALL HE WORRIES  
ABOUT ARE THE MISERABLE  
BIRDS!



BUT IF  
THE PIGEONS  
WERE THE OLD MAN'S  
SOLE INTEREST IN LIFE, THERE  
WERE MANY OTHERS STILL INTERESTED  
IN HIM...

READY TO LEAVE, ARE  
YOU, MR. IVORS? I'LL GIVE YOU  
A PUSH OUT OF THE PARK...





THE INTEREST BEGAN TO CARRY TO STANHOPE. HE WATCHED THE OLD MAN, AT FIRST CASUALLY, THEN MORE AND MORE CONSTANTLY, BECOMING FAMILIAR WITH IVORS' HABITS, HIS COMINGS AND GOINGS...

FEEDIN' TIME, EH, MR. IVORS? LET ME HELP YOU OFF THE CURB...

DON'T TILT ME BACK TOO FAR... GENTLY, GENTLY! YOU'LL SPILL THE FEED!



THE CROTCHETY, RASPING VOICE, THE CRIPPLED BODY, THE CREAKING WHEEL CHAIR, ALL BECAME ROUTINE TO STANHOPE. HIS ACTOR'S FASCINATION FOR MOTIVATION AND NUANCE SPURRED HIS INCREASING CURIOSITY...

DON'T WORRY, MR. IVORS... I'LL HAVE YOU ACROSS THE INTERSECTION BEFORE THE LIGHT CHANGES!

RESENTS PEOPLE BECAUSE HE'S SO DEPENDENT ON THEM... THAT'S WHY HE'S SO CANTANKEROUS... DIS-TRUSTFUL... A TOTAL RECLUSE!



OVER AND OVER AGAIN HE SAW THE GESTURES AND ACTIONS, THE ARTHRITIC HANDS, LIVER SPOTTED AND GNARLED, EXTENDING THE BITS OF FEED TOWARD THE DARTING BEAKS, THE ROUND, GLISTENING EYES...

BUT THE PIGEONS NEED HIM... IT'S THE REASON HE LIKES THEM!





STANHOPE HAD SEEN ENOUGH. WHAT HAD STARTED AS MORBID INTEREST AND RESENTMENT WAS DEVELOPING INTO A PLAN... A SCHEME...

JUST NEEDED HELP AT THE CURB... I'LL GO THE REST OF THE WAY MYSELF!

ACTUALLY, MR. IVORS, I ONLY DID IT AS AN EXCUSE TO MEET YOU... I THINK IT'S GREAT THE WAY YOU GET ON WITH THOSE PIGEONS! MAYBE YOU COULD **HELP** ME LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THEM...

IT SEEMED FLIMSY AND IVORS WAS DISTANT, SUSPICIOUS... YET THE THOUGHT THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAD NEEDED **HIS** HELP REGISTERED WITH THE OLD MAN. STANHOPE'S POLISHED "EARNEST YOUNG MAN" BIT CARRIED ON FROM THERE...

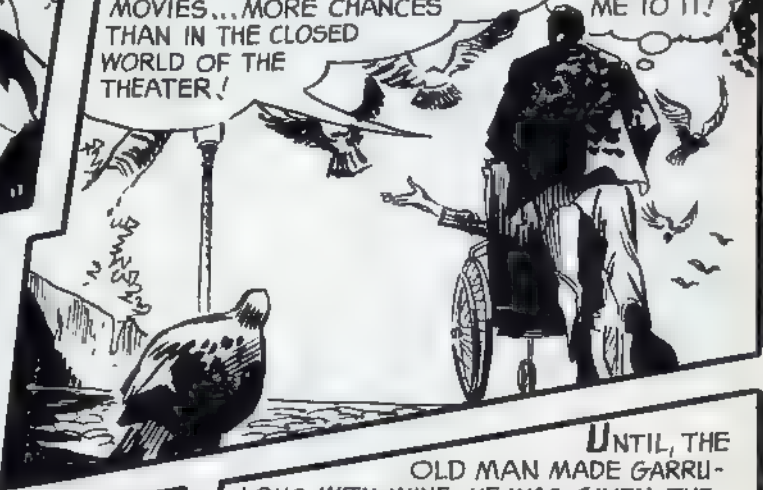
NO, NO... THIS IS A FANTAIL! DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE DIFFERENCE? WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME TO TELL YOU?



STANHOPE BEGAN EXPANDING ON HIS ORIGINAL GROUNDWORK, ASKING FOR ADVICE, CONSULTATION ON WIDER AND WIDER MATTERS... ALWAYS APPEARING HESITANT, UNSURE... TOTALLY DEPENDENT ON THE OLDER VOICE OF EXPERIENCE...

OF COURSE, ACTING'S NOT MY GAME, STANHOPE, BUT YOU NEED BROADER OPPORTUNITIES... THE WEST COAST! TELEVISION, MOVIES... MORE CHANCES THAN IN THE CLOSED WORLD OF THE THEATER!

RIGHT, OLD MAN, AND YOU'RE GOING TO BANKROLL ME TO IT!



LIVING IN THIS DUMP, GUZZLING CHEAP WINE, FEEDING PIGEONS... HIDING HIS DOUGH AWAY... BUT WHERE?

INCH BY INCH, STANHOPE MADE HIS ADVANCES, EDGING INTO THE INNER-CIRCLE OF IVORS' TRUST...



UNTIL, THE OLD MAN MADE GARRULOUS WITH WINE, HE WAS GIVEN THE ANSWER...

SOME PEOPLE THINK I'M JUST A CRAZY OL' MAN... BUT LOOK AT THIS, BOY... **ALL MINE!** MINE! BANKS CAN'T LOSE IT, FIRES CAN'T REACH IT...

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!





IT WAS TIME TO ACT. STANHOPE SLIPPED AWAY FROM HIS ROOMING HOUSE STILL OWING BACK RENT, LEAVING EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE ONE THING HE VALUED...

I-I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU THIS EARLY... WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE CARRYING?

MY MAKE-UP KIT. DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE IT BEHIND. I CAME TO SAY GOOD-BY...



I'M GOING TO CALIFORNIA. BUT... JUST AS YOU ADVISED, MR. IVORS... THE GLOVES!

YOU DON'T USUALLY WEAR GLOVES... WHY...?



I DON'T USUALLY WORRY ABOUT FINGERPRINTS!



UP TO THAT MOMENT, STANHOPE HAD BEEN UNCERTAIN HOW FAR IT WOULD GO, BUT AS HE SAW THE OLD MAN'S FACE GROW PALE WITH FEAR, AS HE THOUGHT OF THE HOURS LISTENING TO IVOR'S BABBLE, AS HE REMEMBERED THE TERRIBLE STENCH AND DISGUSTING PREENING OF THE PIGEONS... **HE LUNGED!**

ONCE, IN SUMMER STOCK, HE'D PLAYED OTHELLO. HIS LEADING LADY HAD COMPLAINED OF HIS STRONG GRIP IN THE FINAL SCENE, OF THE BRUISES IT LEFT ON HER NECK. HE'D NEVER REALIZED HOW CARRIED AWAY HE GOT. EVEN NOW, STANHOPE WAS NOT COMPLETELY CONSCIOUS OF THE WHEEL CHAIR TURNING OVER OR THE LONG, PITIFUL DEATH RATTLE EMITTING FROM IVOR'S THROAT.





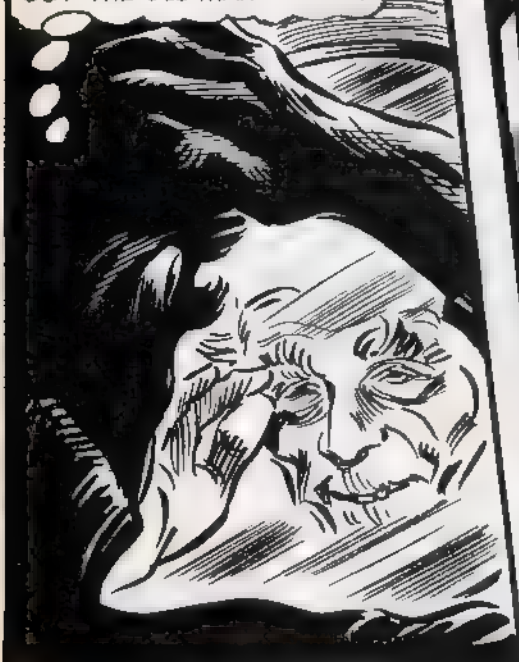
FOR A MOMENT STANHOPE STOOD IN THE QUIET OF THE SHABBY ROOM LISTENING TO THE SOUND OF HIS OWN HEAVY BREATHING. THEN HE REACHED FOR THE WHEEL CHAIR, WHEN...

MR. IVORS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. IVORS? WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?



SURELY AND SKILLFULLY, STANHOPE BEGAN TO APPLY THE TOOLS OF HIS TRADE, AS CERTAIN AS TO HOW TO PLAY IVORS AS ANY ROLE OF HIS CAREER...

THIS GIVES ME A BIG JUMP ON ANY INVESTIGATION...NO TELLING HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE BEFORE EVEN FINDING OUT THE OLD MAN'S DEAD!



THE WOMAN'S VOICE FROM OUT IN THE HALL WAS LIKE THE RAW STING OF A WHIP. STANHOPE FOUGHT AN OVERWHELMING URGE TO RUN OR SCREAM. SOMEWHERE IN HIS THROAT, WORDS BEGAN TO EMERGE, NOT IN HIS OWN VOICE, BUT IN THE DRY, RASPING TONE OF THE FIGURE SPRAWLED DEAD ON THE FLOOR...

I'M FINE! JUST BUMPED INTO SOMETHING, THAT'S ALL...DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!



TERROR SUBSIDED AND HIS CONFIDENCE RETURNED. HE'D HUNG AROUND THE OLD MAN FOR SO LONG, PICKING UP ON HIS VOICE HAD COME ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY. SUDDENLY, STANHOPE WAS DAZZLED BY THE POSSIBILITIES...

THAT NEIGHBOR MIGHT HANG AROUND IN THE HALL TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S OKAY, OR I MIGHT BE SPOTTED RUNNING OUT... BUT IF THE OLD MAN WERE TO LEAVE...

I CAN DO IT! I GOT EVERYTHING HERE...



UNTIL...

I SEE IT'S FEEDING TIME AGAIN, MR. IVORS... CAN I HELP YOU INTO THE ELEVATOR?

LADY, IF YOU ONLY KNEW... THIS BAG OF BIRD FOOD IS STUFFED WITH ALL OF IVORS' CASH!





IT WENT SMOOTHLY. PEOPLE WERE ONLY TOO GLAD TO HELP HIM UP AND DOWN CURBS, ACROSS BUSY INTERSECTIONS. STANHOPE REACHED THE PARK WITHOUT AROUSING ANY SUSPICIONS...

SOON AS I HIT A DESERTED AREA, I CAN HIDE THE CHAIR AND GET OUT OF THESE CLOTHES...

MR. IVORS!



STANHOPE SAT SILENTLY WHERE THE POLICEMAN LEFT HIM. THERE WAS NO POINT IN STRETCHING HIS LUCK, MAKING A SCENE, AROUSING SUSPICION. HE SAT THERE TENSELY, CLUTCHING THE BAG OF IVORS' MONEY, LISTENING TO THE INCREASING COOING, FEELING THE UNCOMFORTABLE TOUCH OF FEATHERS, AS THE BIRDS SWARMED AROUND HIM IN EXPANDING NUMBER...

YOU'RE GOIN' OFF COURSE, SIR! TAKIN' THE WRONG PATH... CAN'T HAVE OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS GOIN' HUNGRY, RIGHT? I'LL TAKE YOU BACK...



SEE! THEY'RE GETTIN' PRETTY ANXIOUS...

JUST KEEP WALKING, YOU FOOL! THE MINUTE YOU'RE GONE, I'M TAKING OFF!



THE BIRDS GREW BOLDER AND MORE ANXIOUS. HOPPING UP ON THE WHEEL-CHAIR, INTO STANHOPE'S LAP... THRUSTING AND BRUSHING NEAR THE MONEY SACK... MORE AND MORE OF THEM... COOING LOUDER AND LOUDER...

WHY DOESN'T THAT @#\*## GO ON HIS BEAT? BLASTED BIRDS ARE DRIVIN' ME NUTS! YOU GET NOTHING TO-DAY, YOU FEATHERY VERMIN!

THE FLUTTER-ING WINGS BRUSHED CLOSER, MORE PERSISTENTLY. ONE PERCHED ON HIS SHOULDER, ITS GLASSY, STARING EYE CLOSE TO HIS OWN...

CAN'T PANIC... NOT WHILE THE COP'S STILL THERE! FILTHY @#\*## PIGEONS! DON'T YOU KNOW I'M NOT THE OLD MAN? QUIT SWARMING ALL OVER ME! YOU WON'T GET FED!





ISN'T THAT SOMETHIN' NOW?  
THOSE BIRDS REALLY LOVE  
THAT OLD MAN... I NEVER  
GET TIRED OF WATCHIN'...

NEVER SEEN  
SO MANY AS  
TODAY... LOOK!  
THEY'RE ALMOST  
COVERIN' HIM...

FREE-YAAR

THE  
GATHERING  
OF BIRDS HAD  
SUDDENLY BECOME A  
HURRICANE OF DRIVING  
WINGS, AND SOMEWHERE IN THE  
CENTER OF THE WRITHING, FEATHERY  
MASS, A HIDEOUS SCREAM SPLIT  
THE AIR, THEN ENDED ABRUPTLY. FOR  
A TIME IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO MOVE  
FORWARD, TO PENETRATE THE SWARM,  
THEN THE SKY DARKENED AS SIMULTANEOUSLY,  
IN EVERY DIRECTION, THE FLOCK TOOK FLIGHT!  
THE SOUND OF THEIR FLAPPING WINGS A CRE-  
SCENDO, FILLING THE ATMOSPHERE LIKE GROTESQUE  
APPLAUSE FOR AN ACTOR'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCE!

LOOKS LIKE  
STANHOPE WAS  
WRONG ABOUT THE  
PIGEONS NOT GET-  
TING FED... HIS  
AUDIENCE MAY  
HAVE BEEN BIRDS  
BUT IT SEEMS OUR  
ACTOR-FRIEND WAS  
A REAL CROWD-  
PLEASER!



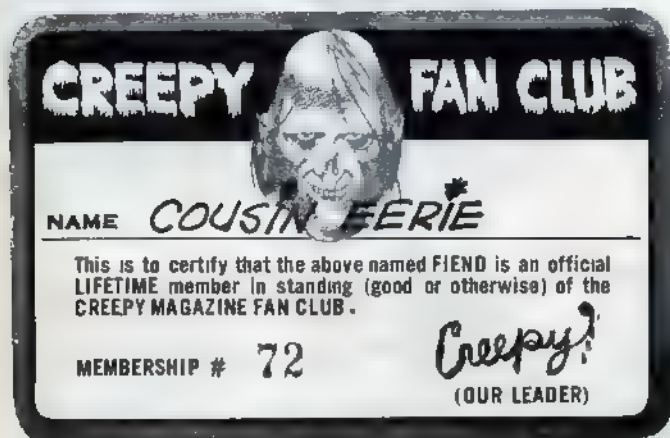
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IN IT FOR ME?!**



FULL COLOR PORTRAIT IS GIANT-SIZED 8"x10"

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MEMBERSHIP CARD SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE



FULL-COLOR PIN  
SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

**SEND IN  
THIS  
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Here's my dollar for a lifetime membership in the most ghoulishly gear fan club going, which entitles me to a club pin, membership card, and full-color portrait of my favorite fiend, **UNCLE CREEPY!**

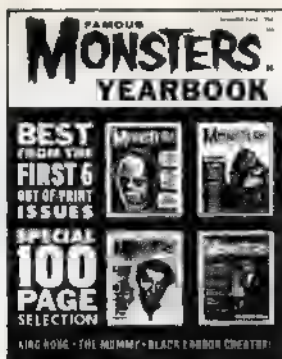
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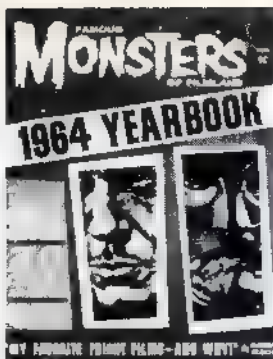
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**SEND IN  
THIS  
COUPON!**





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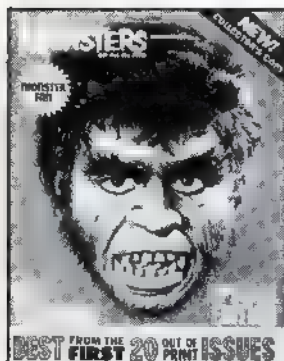
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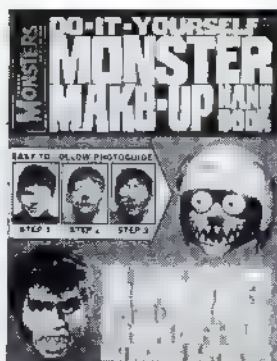
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1966  
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1967  
YEARBOOK



DO-IT-YOURSELF  
MONSTER MAKE-UP HANDBOOK



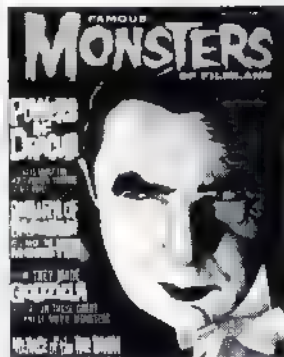
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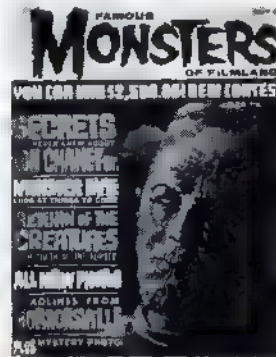
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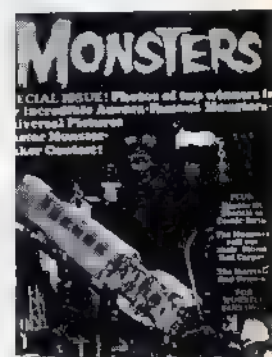
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#30 POWERS  
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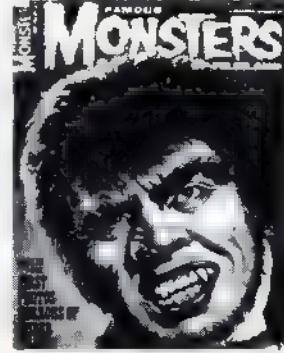
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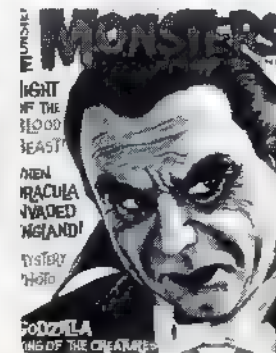
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#33  
THE HUNCHBACK



#34  
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#35 DRACULA  
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#36 THIRD  
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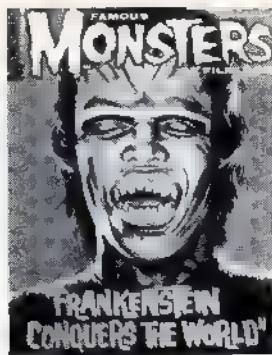




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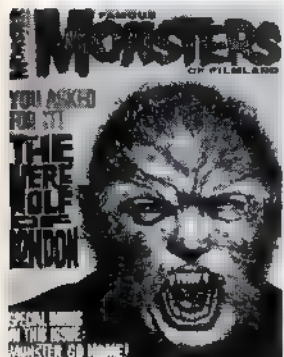
#38 CURSE OF THE DEMON



#39 FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD



#40 ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



#41 WEREWOLF OF LONDON



#42 FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN



#43 HOUSE OF DRACULA FILMBOOK

## 3 FAMOUS MONSTERS PAPER-BACKS!

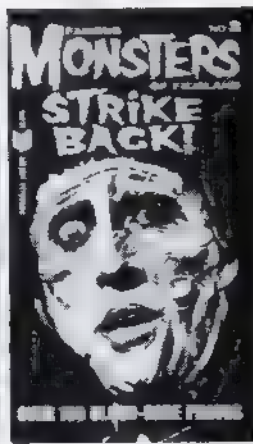
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SHOWN ON PAGE 65

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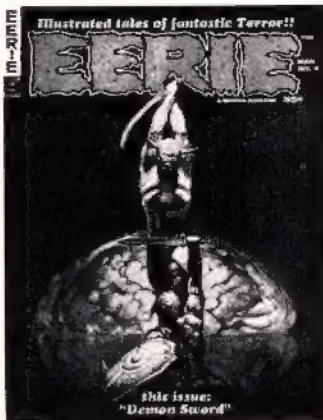
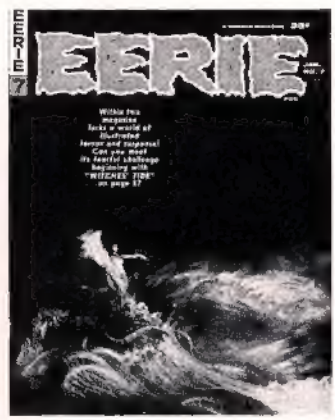
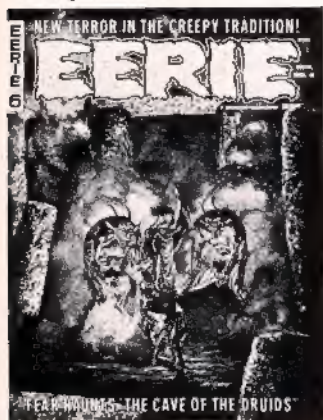
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### CHAPTER 1—The Electrical Brain

The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

### CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carroll Nash) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

### CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman seizes himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed

in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

### CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in town, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

### CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

### CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frays his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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